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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Peak Scenery, or Excursions in Derbyshire, &c.
By E. Rhodes. Part iv. 4to. pp. 136.
London 1823. Longman & Co., J. Murray,
Rodwell & Martin; and Sheffield, E. Rhodes.

Of the three preceding parts of this picturesque tour (concluded with equal claims to praise by the present publication) we have had occasion to speak very favourably as they successively appeared. The author has now happily terminated his design, and afforded us a last opportunity of commending his performance to the attention which it deserves, as a pleasing literary production and an elegant work of art. The engravings which adorn it are by G. and W. B. Cooke and E. Blore, from drawings by the latter, Hoffland, R. Thompson, and Chantrey, to whom the volume is with great propriety inscribed. Of this esteemed and distinguished sculptor, born at Norton, one of the spots visited by the writer, it also contains a concise and spirited biography; but as various sketches of the same kind have filled almost every periodical paper since he ran up the eminent ground of fame, we shall not risk the dangers of repetition by entering closely upon this memoir, though one or two quotations from it convey information of interest to the arts. Mr. C., it is stated, travelled to Paris in 1814-15; and Mr. Rhodes says,—

"During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled—the postillion that drove it—the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country—the towns through which he successively passed—Paris—its public buildings—the garden of the Tuileries—the interior of the Louvre—the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage—some with milk—some with malt liquor—some with whiskey—and others with port wine, as these various liquors happened to be before him.

"In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement."

It is further observed, with much discrimination,

"That this eminent artist should have devoted so much of his time to the execution of busts, may perhaps be regretted. There is a higher walk in sculpture, in which all the excellencies of his profession are required and all the energies of the mighty talent may be displayed. Here the genius of Chantrey

may move amid beings of his own creation, and establish for himself a name and character not less elevated in art than Canova's. He has attained much, but more remains to be accomplished: in his busts he has given hearing and thinking, beauty and intellect, to marble—and in his statues he has clothed the human figure with grace and dignity. Let him persevere!—our own history and native poetry abound with subjects both moving and heroic, presenting images of perpetual interest, interwoven deeply with our national pride, and inseparable from the mass of the people. These subjects are worthy of his chisel, his ambition, and his fame. Let him leave to others the gods of the heathen, and the cold mystical allegory that has too long degraded his profession, and from which, to his honour, he has been the first to depart, and create a series of poetical groups and figures, deeply imbued with sentiment and feeling, and hand down to posterity the national character of his countrymen. I am glad to be enabled to add, that such is the purpose of this celebrated sculptor."

In another part of the volume, the following mention is made of a monument in Ashbourne Church, from which the idea of the two Children in Litchfield Cathedral was caught:

"There is a beautiful little monument in this church, from the chisel of Banks—which for execution, design, and feeling, would do credit to the talents of any artist. It is to the memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, a daughter, who died at the age of five years and eleven months. On a marble pedestal, a mattress sculptured from the same material is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet; her head reclines on a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:—

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

"The pedestal below is inscribed—

To FENELOPE,
Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and
Dame Susannah Boothby,
Born, April 11th, 1785—Died, March 13th, 1791.
She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.

"It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscriptions that are scattered around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents who had 'ventured their all of happiness on this frail bark,' and found 'the wreck was total.' This monumental design, which is exquisitely finished, and full of tender feeling, suggested to Chantrey the execution of

that master-piece of art, the group of the Two Children, which is now the grace and ornament of Litchfield Cathedral, and the boast of modern sculpture."

The scenery chiefly described in this new part, is that upon the river Dove, winding as it does through every variety of wild and pastoral beauty. Its general character is painted with feeling by Mr. Rhodes:

"The river Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and while passing along the first and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear was soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters: in some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazle, the slender ozier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river: these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the most vivid colouring. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, which interrupt its progress: over and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming in its frequent falls a series of foamy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river."

Among other prominent features introduced collaterally into these excursions, we have a short history of the ancient race of Peveril of the Peak; but as we cannot go so far into illustration as to extract that narrative together with the annexed, we must only refer the curious to it, at page 51, and give place to other matters. Mr. R. says,—

"An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington, to which, indeed, it appears to be confined—for I have not met with any thing of a similar description in any other part of Derbyshire. It is denominated WELL-FLOWERING, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes beads are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, to preserve their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work; often tasteful in design and vivid in colouring; the boards, thus adorned, are so

placed in the spring that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, which is sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes."

Equally old customs prevail near Wirksworth, and as they display some of the peculiarities of the ancient mining laws of England, we shall present a few relative passages to our readers:

"Wirksworth is the seat of the administration of the Mineral Laws for the Low Peak of Derbyshire, and the Moote Hall is the judicial session house where all complaints are heard, and all suits decided, that belong to this peculiar court.

"The Moote Hall is a neat stone building, with the town's arms carved over the door, and on each side are some emblematic devices in bas-relievo. Within, secured by a chain, is the ancient brazen dish which regulates the admeasurements of lead ore throughout the whole district. The following inscription is engraved upon it:—

"This dish was made the iij day of October, the iij yere of the reigne of Kyng Henry the viii. before George Erle of Shrewsbury, Steward of the Kyng most Honourable household, and also Steward of all the honour of Tutbury, by the assent and consent as well of all the Mynours as of all the Brenners within and adjoining the Lordship of Wykysworth Pervell of the said honour. This Dish to Remayne in the Moote Hall at Wykysworth, hanging by a cheyne, so as the Mchannes or Mynours may have resort to the same at all tymes to make the trw mesure at the same."

"The lead mines of Derbyshire are of very remote antiquity. The *Odin* mine at Castleton bears the name of one of the Saxon deities; it may, therefore, be inferred that it was known to, and worked by the Saxons, previously to the introduction of christianity. In the wapentake of Wirksworth there were lead mines so early as the year 835; at which time a grant was made by the abbeys of Repton, of her estate at *Wircsworth*, on condition that an annual stipend of lead, of the value of three hundred shillings, should be paid for certain religious uses as he then directed. The laws that now govern the mining interests of this county contain some curious provisions; how they originated is now difficult to determine, but, from indisputable records, it appears 'that Edward the First directed the Sheriff of the County to call a meeting at Ashbourne, of such persons as were best acquainted with the rights and customs of the Mines.' On this occasion their privileges were ascertained and confirmed; the two courts of Money-Ash and Wirksworth established; and a code of permanent regulations adopted. These regulations constitute the mineral law of Derbyshire at the present time. The principal officers of these courts are denominated barmasters, and it is their peculiar duty to preside on all cases of trial in which the mining interests of their respective jurisdictions are concerned; and generally to see that justice is fully and fairly administered. It is likewise

the duty of the barmaster to put miners in possession of any veins of lead ore which they may discover. The mode of doing this is extremely simple, yet curious. When a man has found, or imagines he has found a vein of ore in any part of the 'King's field,' which, with very few exceptions, includes the whole of the mineral districts of Derbyshire, he may claim it as his own merely by fixing down a few sticks, put together in a peculiar way, and notifying the same to the barmaster, who immediately gives him complete and exclusive possession of his newly-acquired property in a way as summary as it is decisive. The barmaster, accompanied by two jurymen belonging to the mineral court, enters the place, field, or meadow, where the miner intends to commence his operations, marks out a plot of ground of about fourteen yards square, takes it from the former proprietor, whether it be freehold or not, and gives it to a new possessor. But this is not all; the miner has now only obtained a piece of land in which to sink his shaft. The little insulated spot, which has just been made his own, is surrounded with fields, some covered with grass and some with corn: through these the barmaster and the two jurymen soon mark out a path to the public highway; they arrange themselves on a line with each other, and with their arms wide extended and their fingers' ends just touching, they march abreast from the mine in the most convenient direction to the nearest public carriage road, placing stakes on each side as they proceed, within which they confirm to the miner a carriage way in perpetuity, whereon he may cart his minerals, uninterrupted by any authority whatever. Neither standing corn nor any other description of property, with the exception of 'a dwelling-house, a high road, a garden, or an orchard,' is, or can be, exempt from this fundamental law of the miners. A number of other provisions, equally singular, are included amongst their regulations. 'If any miner be killed or slain, or damped upon the mine, within any grove,' no king's coroner has power to interfere; the barmaster becomes invested with his authority, and holds an inquest accordingly. In article the thirteenth it is provided, 'that no person shall sue any miner for debt that doth belong unto the mines in any court but the mineral court, and if any person do the contrary, he shall lose his debt and pay the charges in law.' In a subsequent clause it is enacted, 'that no officer, for trespass or debt, shall execute or serve any writ, warrant, or precept, upon any miner, being at work in the mine, nor when the miners come and go to the Barmore Court, but the barmaster or his deputy only.' These extracts are sufficient to shew how extensive and various the authority of the barmaster is; they likewise exemplify the peculiar nature of those provisions which govern and regulate the practice of the miners of Derbyshire."

In a mine near Wirksworth, the author records a remarkable instance of human preservation:—

"The mine called *Godbeheres Founder* has been rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about five and twenty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and in one moment buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after the accident happened, Pearson was found dead

amongst the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had choked up the entrance into the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive that they were scarcely at all disposed to persevere in their exertions. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until on the eighth day of their labours they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy, but more care, for a few hours longer, when they found the object of their search weak and almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully sensible of the miraculous nature of his escape. His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow but effectual, and he returned to his usual employment in about fourteen weeks, and lived many years afterwards. When this accident took place Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was at a windlass in the drift above, when the earth rushed suddenly upon him, and he was found dead amongst the mass. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projection which considerably narrowed the shaft where he was. Thus circumstanced, with no prospect before him but death, this poor man passed eight days in this narrow cell, without light or food or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude; thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in he found a windlass, and exercised himself in turning it, but by some mishap the handle fell into the deep vacuity beneath, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment he still found something to do. In the shaft where he was imprisoned a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion of it from its lodgements, which fell into the chasm at its feet. While thus engaged he imagined he heard the noise of men labouring for his release; he listened, and was almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, instead of invigorating, only paralyzed his exertions, but while in this situation he yet contrived to make the signal that he was alive distinctly heard and understood. Shortly afterwards, he once more saw the light of heaven, and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a dead man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little better than the apparition of a man; eight days of mental and bodily suffering had reduced him to a skeleton, and the pallid hue and altered expression of his countenance, had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his family, who felt as if a being from the grave had burst 'its carments,' and the dead had returned to life."

To vary and conclude our extracts, we select the following, respecting Bolsover:

"The inhabitants are now almost entirely employed in agricultural pursuits: formerly a considerable manufacture of spurs and buckles was carried on in this place. These were made in a very superior manner of the best malleable iron, and then hardened on the surface only, that they might admit of a very fine polish. The process of hardening used by the buckle-makers of Bolsover, which is technically called case-hardening, is well

known and the manu- to those v- imate th- pable of- buckles a- filed into- only; the- into steel- burnt bot- of old stu- factured- therefore- the exten- purest st- polish th- beautiful- Having- public fa- literary- plates, i- lected, a- fully ex- There- tical opti- up with- work- offence- seriousl- and info- Brandro- not bor- were, it- the pur- blessed- sensible- he has- with w- rupting- the tot- landsc- well.

The Fe- Will- Lond-

Thus i- this is- to the- accoust- of tha- ordina- united- bound- writin- own v- sort o-

The Ofcha- our pr- in pla- of in- of na- with-

The is ex- deriv- ducti-

v- only- ment-

So- The- Ag- Gath-

known amongst those who are connected with the manufacture of articles of steel and iron; to those who are not it may be useful to intimate that iron, properly so called, is incapable of receiving a very high polish; the buckles and spurs were therefore formed and filed into shape when in the state of iron only; the exterior surface was then converted into steel by a peculiar process, in which burnt bones, and ashes made from the leather of old shoes, were generally used. The manufactured article was now internally iron, and therefore not liable to be easily broken, but the exterior surface was converted into the purest steel, and fitted to receive the highest polish that can possibly be imparted to this beautiful metal.

Having thus endeavoured to afford the public fair means of judging of Mr. Rhodes' literary labours, we can only state that the plates, seven in number, are judiciously selected, as regards the subjects, and delightfully executed.

There is occasionally a little touch of political opinion, which we regret to see mixed up with the better feelings pervading the work. At page 107 is, however, the only offence of this kind which we consider to be seriously objectionable. To assert that spies and informers were sent to stir up the wretched Brandreth and his associates to rebellion, is not borne out by facts: and, indeed, if it were, it is misplaced in a tour undertaken for the purpose of studying nature's peaceful and blessed charms. To these Mr. R. is finely sensible, and if we blame the slight discord he has introduced, it is only in the same spirit with which he speaks of sportsmen interrupting the harmony of the scene, and jarring the tone of his mind in one of the sweet landscapes he enjoys so much and paints so well.

The Forest Minstrel, and other Poems. By William and Mary Howitt. 12mo. pp. 197. London 1823. Baldwin, Cradock & Joy.

This is a strange age: and, in a small way, this is a strange book. The authors belong to the Society of Friends; but we are now accustomed to Poets, and good poets too, of that denomination. What is more extraordinary is, that they are (as we gather) united together—two of the *irritable genus* bound together in holy matrimony,* and writing verse in gentle union. Sung in their own way, and viewing with a philosophical sort of contemplativeness (as they tell us)

The wooings, winnings, weddings and disdainings
Of changeful men, their fondness and their feignings;

our pair of turtles warble forth their effusions in placid unison, and whether with the coo of internal contentment, or the wilder note of natural song, endeavour to delight our ears with their harmony.

The inspiration of this sweetly-yoked couple is explained in an Epistle Dedicatory to be derived from a minute attention to the productions of nature: from a love, for instance,

* We have, however, no certificate of this, and only infer it from the said William's mode of mentioning the said Mary:

—bards are gathering flowers;
So I have cull'd you these, and with them sent
The gleanings of a nymph whom some few hours
Ago I met with—some few years I meant—
Gathering "true-love" amongst the wild-wood
bowers.

Of the coy spring—of spring that archly shines
Out for a day—then goes—and then more bright
Comes laughing forth, like a gay lass that lines
A dark lash with a ray that beams and burns,
And scatters hopes and doubts, and smiles and
frowns, by turns.

And more particularly from regarding and admiring "full brooks," "roots black curling," "hazel catkins," "bursting buds," "wrynecks chanting pee, pee," "bees," "broods of ever-dancing gnats," and other Spring associates. These things, it seems, fill the young soul drunk with "delicious wonderment," and their "dear influence" causes the heart to spring forth from "the dreary blank of nothingness" to a "thrilling and wondrous existence."

Now all this may be proof of a very passionate feeling for the beauties of nature; but it is carried into such an excess of detail, and is so begrimed with affected phraseology (such as we have indicated above,) that it is unworthy of the name of poetry. It is not in poring over bits of blades and tiny insects, and describing them with all the precision of botanical and entomological definition, that the soul of poetry is found. The true poet's eye glances gloriously from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, embodying the grand conceptions and the noble images which so sublime a study suggests. Not but there are lesser topics suited to the most pleasing offices of the genuine Muse. Man with all his passions; Science with all its wonders; Art with all its beauties; and Nature with all her charms, belong to the varied and universally extended sceptre: and no branch more peculiarly than the last. But it is not by dissecting leaves and crawling after caterpillars, that the bard can illustrate nature. This is the sore mistake of a modern school, which seeing that an occasional touch of close and nice observation often produces a fine effect, has fallen into the gross error of supposing that a whole *iliad* of trifles must be proportionally excellent, and therefore busy the verse with all those littlenesses which nobler spirits and purer tastes have left unnoticed for such puny gleaners.

Having expressed this opinion of the class of writers upon the same form with which William and Mary Howitt sit, we are free to say that their publication contains many pretty pieces of pastoral composition, and throughout exhibits an amiable character. The versification is indifferent; the commonest rhymes being much used and often repeated far too near, and uncommon rhymes attempted which no ear could endure.† As a specimen of these faults, and of a looseness of rhythm altogether unallowable, we quote a passage from a sick girl's dream in the longest poem—

Then roam'd we through a forest pleasantly dim,
Beneath strange trees, of hoary trunk and limb;
Huge, but all fresh in ever-during age;
And pass'd, and gazed on awful seer and sage,
And monarch, and dread name of the old time;
Frames of august, proud beauty, and sublime
Of countenance, yet full of love that shone
And revell'd, with paternal light, upon
Thronging majestic sons, and glorious daughters,
Numerous as waves upon the ocean waters.

† For example:—Merry, apothecary; swell, pamplice; one-on and one-one; morning, dawning; gone, town; bed, head; neigh, laughingly; age, parsonage; long, tongue; forth, both; forth, wrath; what, lot; wont, haunt; morn, dawn; brow, too; until, fell; word, heard; &c.

Their talk was of those times, those times that we
Would fain charm out from hoar antiquity;
Of giant wars, and men, and monsters strange,
That on the earth's young breast did mightily range;
Of Mamre, and sweet Paron's pastoral scenes;
Of simple patriarch kings, and peerless shepherd-
queens;
Matchless old tales, that heaven enough would be,
To lie and listen to eternally.

— — — — — She paused, and all
Were silent, as though rest did gently fall
Upon her, as they stood around her bed;
And she slept deep—for she, indeed—was dead!

How felt our bard? How felt he!—Why, as one
Who, when his heart was merry, has seen gone
Down in a moment, through the flashing wave,
Fortune, and love, and left him nought to save.
For he, oh! misery,—he now saw her
Again, that like a beaming messenger
From heaven to earth, had pass'd him in the spring,
And darken'd with her glory each bright thing
Beloved before; while she herself fled past,
And never could be found, till here at last
Smitten at heart, and dying. Now he knew
All her sweet worth, and all her suffering too.
And as he fondly view'd her, as he dwelt
Wildly on every dying tone, he felt
He could have traversed earth, he could have
braved

Thralldom and scorn—may death, could he have
Such heavenliness: but vain—her life was o'er;
He saw it—and he thought—he felt no more.

With this "no more" we conclude. The thing is well meant, and morally praiseworthy; but not poetry which we can applaud.

The Hermit in Prison; translated from the French of E. Jouy and A. Jay. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1823. Whittakers.

We expected more even from a month's hasty penmanship than these volumes display; for each of the authors holds the pen of a ready writer, and men disciplined for many years to the rapid production of clever pieces, "*de circonstance et d'opinion*," for the journals, might have been expected to do much under strongly personal exciting circumstances and situations well calculated to elicit forcible opinions. But though they enumerate many famous works written in prisons, they have not added one to the number. Indeed nothing but the state of the public mind in Paris could have given these essays any popularity; for they are, generally speaking, *bien longs et bien lourds*. The friends of liberty hardly ever succeed when they are confined; as larks make but indifferent songsters in the cage, and the fiercest hyenas are powerless in the keeper's den.

Of Mr. Jay we know little. He wrote an ode on the coronation of Buonaparte, calling him "*Vanqueur des Rois*," and verses on the birth of the King of Rome. He was for a long time one of the contributors to the *Journal de Paris*, under the signature of N., and in one of his articles designated the same Buonaparte, then at Elba, as an "*Etranger banni*," denouncing him as the decimator of families, the destroyer of industry, a tyrant and a boaster, who arrogated to himself the glory gained by the brave French defenders of their country. He now, it seems, is equally opposed to the Bonapartes; and for expressing his sentiments a little too freely, was condemned to a month's imprisonment at Sainte Pelagie.

With him in this scrape was our old friend M. Jouy; of whom we would speak with all

respect. But in truth there is a heaven of the gironette and malcontent about him, with which we are not disposed to quarrel as matter of error or wrong; but still we cannot help lamenting it, as deteriorating his literary productions. We object not to men being Liberals or Constitutionals, or any name of politicians, from Radical to Ultra, they please to call themselves; but it is the bane of pleasure, of instruction, of letters, and of every benefit to be derived from their cultivation, when we find these political feelings tainting every question, perverting every inquiry, and predominating over every rational and interesting object of pursuit. We remember the gratification with which we read M. Jony's *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*; but since that period, though unquestionably distinguished by many brilliant touches and flashes of talent, we cannot say that any of his later publications have sustained the character of his first essays, as pictures of manners and records of acute observation, intermingled with sweet sentiments and piquant remarks on folly and vice. The *Franc Parleur* and the *Hermit in the Country* fell off from the standard of the first *Hermit*, and we are reluctantly compelled to say that the *Hermit in Prison* is inferior to them all. M. Jony's genius appears to be quite depressed by his situation, and he does not even display the elastic vanity of his coadjutor, who in two long papers (besides incidental passages) draws a flattering parallel between himself and—Socrates! This is tedious, or it would be amusing; and perhaps the names of Jay and Socrates might, in consequence of the pains taken by the former, go down to immortality together. As it is, they probably will not.

But we have said enough of the authors, and shall bestow what farther notice the publication deserves upon itself: that portion being the less in consequence of the frequent mention of the work in our Paris letters, and the translation of several of its most attractive parts (such as the accounts of Tristan and Ninette, &c.) in that correspondence, besides the *Jeremiads* over M. Magallon, whose hard fate seems always to have dissolved turnkeys, gaolers, and all such persons, in floods of tears! The details of *Sainte Pelagie*, its chambers for debtors, felons, and political writers, can have but little interest. Less belongs to the dry essays on legal and constitutional points in which the resentments of the authors have led them unwisely to indulge. But as we must exhibit their lucubrations by some selection, we shall add one to the many which have already appeared in our Gazette. The subject is *Liberty* and the writer M. Jay.

"Whenever I reflect that the larger portion of the world is sunk in the most frightful slavery,—that in Europe alone two or three hundred thousand human beings are perishing, at the very moment I am writing, in the obscurity of dungeons,—I look upon myself as comparatively free in *Sainte-Pélagie*; and the meditations in which my mind indulges do not spring from any painful feeling of personal privation. Yesterday evening, as I was sitting near my window, which I somewhat pettishly style my vent-hole, I beheld the last beams of daylight fade away, and gazed through my gratings upon that sky, of which I could see so small a part. Judges have sentenced in vain: they cannot bind down the thoughts; and mine had sprung upon their wings, and traversing, as Milton has it, 'the concave of this airy dome,' assembled

around me beings from all countries, and of all complexions; having first contracted their dimensions, like Milton's imps, that they might enter Pandemonium. As fast as they presented themselves I ranged them along the four walls, without any regard to the colour of their skins: Caffres, Italians, Turks, Tartars, Brazilians, Greeks, Patagonians, and Persians; then passing the whole human race in review, in the person of its representatives, I put to each of them this question, ARE YOU FREE?

"Very free," answered the Italian, "on condition that I may visit the *Madonna*, once at least every day; that I make no sort of use of my ten fingers for the maintenance of my family on Sundays and holidays, that is to say, a full third part of every year; and that I be not obliged to go into my own house whenever I find the sandals of Father Carretto at the door."

"I am infinitely more free," said a man with a turban, "for I can insult a Franc, or kill a Greek, whenever I take the whim into my head; and can choose between the bow-string and the scimitar, when his Highness the Sultan has need of my head to ornament the walls of the seraglio."

"There is no liberty," cried an inhabitant of Thibet, "except in those places where the *Daily-Lama* reigns. In my country there never was any revolution, and no wars of succession; since, by the grace of Bud, we have a king who never dies, and whose bonzes exercise their power in the most paternal way imaginable, provided we pour exactly four-fifths of our revenues into the treasure of the ministerial convent; provided we enrol all our male children, at the age of sixteen, in the standing army, which the reigning bonzes keep up on the frontiers of Mogul and China; provided we receive with the profoundest respect, and swear to die in defence of the *Pouch*, when the grand Lama vouchsafes to decorate us with it; provided we work three days in each week for the advantage of the immortal, that is to say, for five hundred priests with long beards, who represent him; provided we eat the flesh of no ruminating animal, and that we visit, three times a day, the grand pagoda; provided we do all these things, we are free as air, and certain after death of passing into the body of a cow, or at least into that of a she-goat."

"What liberty!" cried an inhabitant of the north of Europe. "Tell me of that which we enjoy on the banks of the Spree. Putting on our uniform the moment we get rid of our swaddling-clothes, we beat all the world in our military evolutions. Recently our youth, somewhat too strongly tinged with the prejudices of the schools, foolishly supposed that there could be some other industry besides that of handling a musket,—some other liberty than that of killing or being killed, in order to transform an electorate into a kingdom; and that, after all, mankind could have some other destination on earth than that of marching in step, and charging in quick time; but happily this beardless insurrection had no lasting effect, and we remain, as before, the freest, that is, the best disciplined nation in Europe."

"If by liberty you mean passive obedience," interrupted a Chinese, "we ought, it strikes me, to proclaim ourselves the freest people on earth. Confucius has said that there is no freedom where there are no laws. Now, as we have more laws than all other nations together, and mandarins without

number to put them into execution, it is clear that there must be more liberty amongst us than any where else. As the excess of population might embarrass our paternal government, we are at liberty to expose our children on the banks of the river. Our women have strong passions; and as the sedentary life to which the laws and the care of our honour confine them would not suit them very well, we are at full liberty to bind up the feet of our daughters in their infancy, so as to render them useless when they arrive at an age at which they might abuse them. Our great king Fo-Hi has defined liberty to be order joined with politeness, and this in truth is the great distinction of the Chinese. What stranger is not struck with admiration when he traverses the streets and markets of Canton and Peking, in the midst of an immense crowd, arranged in two files, each marching steadily along in contrary directions, without any noise or confusion to disturb their course. If, by chance, any hair-brained fellow derange this beautiful procession, the police-mandarin, accompanied by two executioners, is always at hand to administer justice. Brought before this ambulatory judge, who squats himself down in the street on a cushion which is carried behind him, the delinquent is stripped to his waist, and receives on the shoulders so many half-scores of blows of the chamboué as the magistrate raises fingers during the operation. The patient dresses himself again, bows to the chamboué-bearer, kisses the mandarin's hand, and withdraws. All this passes, on both sides, with a politeness and tranquillity which cannot be too much admired."

"Silence! vile slave!" exclaimed a Mah-ratta, as he brandished his assagay; "is it for you, a people conquered by some hordes of Tartars, who can defend yourselves only by building massy walls, and who are ruled by a bastinado,—is it for you to raise your voices when liberty is the theme? They alone are free who choose their own leaders, who make their neighbours tremble, who know no laws but those of nature, strength, and courage. Freemen are the most daring pirates, and the best knights in the world; and such are the Mah-rattas. True our Peishwa has the right of life and death over the whole nation: but that most excellent prince never uses it, and has always been content to hire out a part of his subjects, at the price of a rupee per head, to our friends the English, who pretend to be still more free than we are."

"Since this class of beings," cried the European islander, with a smile of disdain, "has had the insolence to name the English people, when speaking of our stipendiaries on the Persian Gulf, I will take the trouble to shew that not only is there no liberty except in the United Kingdom, but that there cannot be any elsewhere, because such is our sovereign will and pleasure. No one will deny, I suspect, that modern freedom had its birth in our island, and that the title of *majesty of the people*, given by Lord Chatham, is the result of our sovereignty, proclaimed by the voice of Victory from one end of the world to the other. If indeed we have left to our chief the name of King, which was so offensive to the Romans, we have managed to restrain his power by those laws of which he is the first subject. We live under the empire of a representative government, whose strength consists in the wise balance of the three powers which constitute it; and we enjoy with too just a pride the freedom we have conquered, to suffer any other nation to

participate in the blessing. Perhaps there will be objected to me facts which belie every day the rights of which we are so proud. I shall be asked, what the liberty of that country is, where two or three families have made themselves masters of the government, which concentrates all the prejudices and all the abuses of aristocracy,—where the sovereignty of the people is confined to the saturnalia of the Hastings,—where the citizen, who is taking his walk on the banks of the Thames, may be pressed by a parcel of drunken sailors, and at the orders of a subaltern agent of the Admiralty, put on board a vessel, which transports him to the other end of the world, to the tune of 'Rule Britannia!' I shall be asked what liberty is in a country, where the law of habeas corpus does not prevent a man from being thrown into prison for a debt of five shillings, at the first request of a creditor, to whom he may prove, when he gets out, that he owes only three,—I shall, perhaps, be asked a thousand questions of this nature: instead of answering them, I shall say, that we Englishmen are free to knock out the brains of a ministerial candidate, to box in the street with a peer of the realm, to sell our wives at market, and to break the windows of the King's coach when he goes down to Parliament.

"After this discourse from the representative of the majesty of the British people, I thought myself called upon to say a few words. 'I hope,' said I, raising my voice, 'that this gentleman will not be offended when I assert, that if liberty be in fact the fruit of the highest civilization, of the oldest recollections, and of the proudest glory that any nation ever yet attained, then France ought to be accounted its classic soil. It was the spirit of liberty which presided there a thousand years ago, over the confederation of the Gaulish Republics, and which consecrated the *stone of the oath*, around which their deputies assembled. It was liberty which presided over the meetings of the *Champs de Mai*, and which raised on high the great shield on which the bravest was borne, *consecrated populi*. For some centuries the feudal system had exiled it from the soil of France, but philosophy and victory brought back freedom to their country. She reigns there under the sway of a constitutional chart, where the duties of the prince are marked out, and where his rights and those of the people are guaranteed. With us all men are perfectly equal in the eye of the law; taxes are equally divided, ministers are responsible, the judiciary power is independent, the judges are unremovable, and every citizen who loves his country, and who contributes to its prosperity by his industry and his talent, and who confers honour on it by his virtue, lives happy, free, and is under the protection of the laws.' At these words, a loud laugh burst from all corners of my cell—all my guests vanished, and their voices repeated, as they died away in the air, *He is in Sainte-Pélagie!*"

To this smart view we might add some natural and pleasing reflections on leaving the prison; but our readers may be satisfied, that with some neat and agreeable writing, the general character of this work is feebleness and want of point.

The English Master, or Student's Guide, &c.
By William Banks. 8vo. pp. 399. London 1823. Longman & Co.

If we compare the system of Education at present very generally followed, with that

which was universally pursued in this country half a century ago, we shall be disposed to award to the former a decided and important superiority in one respect, whatever may be our judgment regarding the general merits of each. We allude to the attention which is now paid to our own language, and to habits of accurate thinking and ready and correct composition. It must at the same time be acknowledged, that attention to these points is more usually and regularly given, where the pupils are taught at home by a master, than where they are sent to school. Perhaps the want of an elementary treatise may have contributed to this defect in school education; if so, it can no longer be complained of, as Mr. Banks has furnished a most useful work regarding all that is necessary to enable young people to understand their own language thoroughly, to arrange their ideas with clearness and method, and to express them in writing with precision and elegance.

This work has two great recommendations: in the first place, Mr. Banks, we understand, has had much experience and success in his mode of teaching, and the book he now offers to the public contains the plan and substance of what he has so long and so successfully taught. It is not therefore a theoretical treatise, but in the strictest sense of the word a practical one,—one which, as it has succeeded in a great number and variety of instances, may be safely trusted and advantageously used in all cases where it is wished to teach young people a thorough acquaintance with, and a mastery of their thoughts and language.

In the second place, Mr. Banks has given undoubted proofs of his ability on these points, by the arrangement he has pursued in this volume, and the correct and easy style in which it is written. No person who knows how much the success of a master depends on the method he pursues, and his capacity to render his subject perfectly intelligible and interesting, will deem these characteristics of Mr. Banks' work of trifling importance.

The Introduction embraces some general remarks on Education; among which we may particularly notice, as deserving of attention, what is said on the subject of cultivating the judgment and reasoning powers as well as the memory; and on the excellent opportunities which an instructor possesses of instilling good principles, and of inculcating the necessity of amiable dispositions. It also explains clearly the manner in which Mr. Banks instructs his pupils in the different branches of his system;—the Theory and Formation of Language, and particularly of the English Language; the Philosophy of the Mind; Logic, or the Art of Reasoning; and Composition.

The first Part comprises remarks on the importance of Language, its origin, its progress, and the causes of its present diversity; the origin of Writing and Printing; historical view of the English Language, and analysis of it. Under this last head, besides the usual remarks on the various parts of speech, there is much useful and interesting matter respecting the primary and derivative meaning of many words, founded principally on the theory and researches of Horne Tooke.

Under the second head, the Philosophy of the Human Mind, the Senses, the Passions, and the Intellectual Powers, are considered. Among the last, Reason is of course included; and this leads to the observations on Logic, which are plain and popular, so as to be

understood, and useful, and not overloaded and hidden under the crabbed terms in which this branch is generally taught.

The last Part, which occupies nearly one half of the volume, relates to Composition. The pupil, having been made acquainted with the powers of his mind, the best mode of improving them, and with the instrument by which his thoughts are to be conveyed to others, is here taught the most effectual mode of making use of this instrument.

From this brief analysis our readers will be able to judge of the contents of this work: of the style in which it is written we have already spoken; and we do not think it requisite to enforce our commendation by any specimens in its favour. The volume richly deserves the attention of parents and teachers.

Letters to Marianne. By Wm. Combe, Esq. Author of *Dr. Syntax*, &c. 12mo. pp. 85. London 1823. T. Boys.

—The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end;
and it is exceedingly hard that such times exist no longer; that a man, especially an author, cannot die now-a-days without being cruelly raised again in some hideous or flimsy form, and exhibited to the world's gaze,—while the critic cries,
Avant! and quit my sight! Let the trunk hide
Thy theme is marrowless, thy style is cold, [Hee!] Thou hast no speculation in that look
Which thou dost publish with. . . .
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence.

The trivial volume before us, produced, we doubt not, by some injudicious friend of the late Mr. Combe, is not calculated to do credit to his memory, and seems to have no well-founded pretensions to the distinction of publication. It portrays the individual, known in a better light through the medium of his works,* in a point of view which afforded no room for the display of talent, but rather exhibited a man in the decline of years, silly lavishing all the foolery of a platonic affection on a young girl. These platonic loves are always ridiculous; and even the good sense and knowledge of the world possessed by Mr. Combe have not been sufficient to save him from the common lot: it was therefore inexcusable in any person, after his death, to place him on so painful a pedestal. How differently he longed to paint himself, appears from the following, found among his papers—

"Whether there will be any desire, or rather means, of suspending a piece of marble over my grave, I have my doubts.

EPITAPH.

Vir fuit nec sine doctrinâ,
Nec sine sermonum ac morum suavitate;
Vixit nec sine pietate erga deum,
Nec sine honestâ de numine ejus opinione:
Nec vero sine peccatis multis,
Nec tamen sine spe salutis
A domino clementissimo impetrandâ."

* "Clifton, a poem—The Follies of the Day, a satirical poem—A Satire on Sir James Wright—The Diabolical—Lord Lyttleton's Letters—The Devil upon Two Sticks in London—The History of the Thames—All the Talents—Westminster Abbey—History of the Public Schools of England—A Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire on Female Education—Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque: first, second, and third parts—The Dance of Death—The Dance of Life—Johnny Quæ Genus—&c. &c. &c."

It is unpleasant for us to have to show why we so decidedly disapprove of this posthumous work; and we shall only do it by one short, but, we are sorry to say, characteristic example of its trifling unfitness for the public eye—

"I have been a long time in writing this note, from interruptions; and have just discovered that, in resting my head upon my hand, with my pen in it, which I have occasionally done in the course of its progress, I have inked my night-cap into a zebra pattern;—but, with my best regards to all your household, I remain

Your most affectionate friend."

What can any third party care for details like these of private intimacy? Yet of such stuff generally are these 44 epistles composed. From a few slight poems at the end we select the only one that is not entirely personal, and consequently the only one eligible for quotation—

"ODE.

Ah, who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah, who is ever sure,
Tho' all that can the soul delude
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toil
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

We seek hope's gentle aid;
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs
Which blossom but to fade.

We court love's thrilling dart;
And when we think our joy supreme,
We find its raptures but a dream,—
Its boon—a wounded heart.

We pant for glitt'ring fame;
And when pale envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore;
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears, with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye
Scarce seen before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb.

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death.

And let the gen'rous mind
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind!

MILLINGTON'S EPITOME OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.*

Laws of Motion—The Pendulum—Weights and Measures.

In our last we abridged and placed in one short comprehensive view the theory of the *Properties of Matter*. The Science of Mechanics is but an extended consideration of these properties, whether referring to solids or fluids, or to the subdivisions of the latter into elastic and non-elastic, such as Pneumatics,

* Part Ist, 1 vol. 8vo.

which consider the mechanical properties of air, and Hydrostatics, which examine water and all other fluids of little or no elasticity.

In his second section, Mr. Millington enters upon the discussion of these subjects, and expounds the laws of weight and motion: detailing at the same time the experiments by which their truth is demonstrated, and illustrating them by figures. He incidentally mentions that the motion of the earth's surface in the latitude of London is 950 feet in a second from the west towards the east.

There is in this part a plain and intelligible explanation of the Pendulum; and it is stated,—"A straight grained rod of deal split in the direction of its fibres and free from knots is found less subject to change its length, with different degrees of heat, than any other known substance, and is therefore very frequently used for pendulum rods, but among the best and most elaborate contrivances for the same purpose are the gridiron pendulum, (so called from the parallel situation of its bars) and the mercurial pendulum invented by the late celebrated Mr. George Graham, and described by him in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1726."

"Since the pendulum requires a steady suspension, it becomes impossible to make use of it at sea in the chronometers that are used for determining longitude. These instruments must therefore be made with balances, such as are applied to common watches, except that they are so formed of brass and steel, as to answer the purpose of the compound or gridiron or pendulum; for the balance of a watch performs the same part as the pendulum in a clock, and while such balance maintains an equal diameter in all temperatures, its beats in equal arcs will be isochronal or equal timed; such contrivances as produce this end are called *Compensation Balances*, but the difficulty is to maintain vibrations in equal arcs on account of the unequal action of the spring and wheels, and hence the use of *detached escapements*, or such as are so far cut off from the regular train of wheel-work as to be subject only to a momentary and equal impulse, instead of a continued and irregular one. The balance is however in no case so good as the pendulum, on account of its requiring a spring to produce its retrograde motion, and the necessity which exists of making it small, to avoid weight and consequent friction, and vis inertiae: by being small its vibrations are frequent, and of course, if not perfectly isochronous a great and multiplied irregularity must be produced in the going of the machine to which it is attached, and from this and similar sources arise the great difficulties of constructing perfect chronometers for maritime purposes."

Mr. M. now comes to another subject of great general interest, and one which will probably occupy the legislature in the next Session of Parliament.

"Before dismissing the subject of the pendulum (says he,) it may not be amiss to offer a few observations on the nature of Weights and Measures, and the means of procuring standards of reference for examining their correctness, because the pendulum seems to offer the most simple and convenient means of obtaining this end. The qualifications for such standards are that they should be simple and obtainable by any one who may be desirous of using them, so as to form a new and correct standard without recurrence to any former one which may have been lost or destroyed; and they must not be subject to

wear, or to increase or diminish their dimensions by temperature or any other cause: a little consideration will show that weights must be dependent upon measures, for it is impossible to form any body into a weight without reference to its dimensions. The terms pound or ounce carry no specific ideas of their extent of weight to persons previously unacquainted with them; but if it is stated that four cubic inches of cast iron of a particular specific gravity will be equal in weight to a pound, or that a cubic foot of distilled or pure rain water weighs 1000 ounces, then such weights may be immediately formed by any one in possession of measures, and of course a standard lineal measure becomes of the utmost importance, as from it, weights to any extent may be determined.

"Nothing could be more vague and unsatisfactory than the mode of determining primitive measures in England, either from vegetable productions, or parts, or actions of the human body, all of which must be liable to variation from a variety of causes; and yet we find that our inch was derived from three barley-corns laid end to end: and by an act of Henry III. cap. 51, it is ordained, that in order to regulate the weights of the realm, that quantity of metal which will balance 32 grains of dry wheat picked from the midst of the ear shall be called a pennyweight, that 20 such pennyweights shall make an ounce, and 12 ounces a pound; eight pounds of wine is by the same authority made a gallon, and eight gallons a bushel, and so on for larger weights and measures. Now as the large weights arise out of the multiplication of the primitive standards, viz. the grains of wheat which must vary with the soils and seasons in which they are produced, as well as their degree of dryness, it follows that such weights must be uncertain and undefined, besides which, a weight or measure ought in no case to be derived from a multiplication of its smallest foundation, since this may vary in too small a degree to be perceptible, while the multiplication of the error, however small, will produce a great difference in large quantities. To obviate this difficulty, the yard of the Saxons, which corresponds with our yard, was probably introduced as a proper measure of unity, and fathoms, furlongs, and miles, were made multiples of the yard, while the foot, the span, the palm, and the inch, might be considered as fractional parts of it. But in all these measures no certainty existed since the yard was determined by Henry I. to be the length of his own arm, while the foot, the cubit, the ulna or ell, the palm, the span, the hand, and many others are evidently derived from the dimensions of the human body. It was not, however, until the time of Henry VII. that any decisive measures were taken about obtaining more accurate weights and measures than had theretofore been in use, but an ordinance was then made, that a set of the most accurate and esteemed weights and measures should be collected and lodged in the Exchequer, as standards for the whole country to abide by, and with which all future weights and measures should be compared and examined. This regulation has been preserved and attended to ever since, and duplicates of the standards have been made with the greatest care and exactitude, and are deposited at the Tower, with the Royal Society, and in other places of security, to guard against the possibility of one set being lost or deranged. Notwithstanding these precautions it is

not impossible that by some great event the whole of these standards may be lost, and if this were the case, as they are arbitrary measures, it would be impossible to renew them with certainty unless some standard of comparison were established, and the only means which appear to offer themselves are, the mensuration of a degree of a great circle of the earth, or the length of the pendulum. - -

"The French nation thought proper to adopt the former process, and after a series of most laborious and accurate observations, carried on for many years by their first mathematicians, ascertained that a quadrant of a meridian extending from the pole to the equator measured 5130740 toises, the ten millionth part of which was afterwards definitively decreed by the Legislative Body to be the *Metre* or standard of unity, upon which they were to form all their other measures whether greater or less. This metre accords pretty nearly with the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds, and may be considered as the present yard of the French, and as it ascends decimally, the next step or degree becomes the perch or decametre, the next the mile or kilometre, and then the myriametre or league. - - -

"The manner of using a pendulum to obtain a standard of measurement is simple, for it has been ascertained that although the sun performs an apparent journey round the earth from east to west in every 24 hours, with some irregularity, yet the stars do the same thing once in 23 hours 56 minutes with the greatest regularity, thus constituting the difference between a solar and a sidereal day. If then a small telescope be firmly and immovably fixed against a wall in such a direction that any bright star may be seen through it, that star will pass the telescope once in every 23 hours 56 minutes, and if a clock be placed near it, having a pendulum beating seconds, that clock will indicate the above portion of time between every transit of the star provided its pendulum be of the right length, and if not, it must be lengthened or shortened until it does keep time with it, which in the same latitude it can only do when it is of one particular length. A standard of length would thus be obtained which might at any time be resorted to, and which might be made the *metre* or base upon which other measures could be constructed."

Captain Kater's admirably accurate methods are referred to on this important point; and it is added, "Having obtained an accurate standard of lineal admeasurement, solid measures, or measures of capacity, as well as weights, would arise out of it; and as pure rain water under equal temperatures, is less liable to a change of density and specific gravity than any other known substance, so it appears to be the best fitted for obtaining standard weights. A cube foot of pure water for instance weighs 1000 ounces, and either this measure, or the cube of the length of the pendulum, or an aliquot part of it, might be taken as the standard or base upon which to form larger and smaller weights, the same being whole and not fractional parts of the first quantity, and taken at a certain point of the barometer and thermometer. In this or a similar manner might a series of measures and weights be established, which it would be in the power of any one to adjust or examine with an apparatus of small expense, and without any very serious loss of time, while the weights and measures we at present possess and use are so very uncer-

tain as to afford no greater proof of their accuracy, than the reliance which is placed in the correctness of their makers, unless indeed they have undergone the ordeal of a comparison with the national standards, which can never be expected in the great number that are made and sold."

With this we close another of the short papers which we purpose to condense from Mr. Millington's *Epitome*, and which, like our abridgments of Dr. Roget's lectures, will, we trust, be found useful both by young and old.

"N.B. To obtain very small weights, such as fractions of a grain, take a grain of fine copper or other wire, such as is used for piano fortes, and divide its length with a pair of compasses into the required number of parts, which may be cut off with scissors, and will come very near to the truth."

DE COMINES' MEMOIRS.

WHEN we introduced this book a few Numbers back, we intimated our design of making it better known to general readers than it has ever been; but could only partially complete that purpose, owing to the appearance of publications, whose claims were of a more temporary nature. We now however return to De Comines for some illustrative and pleasing extracts, still keeping in view their bearing on Quentin Durward. The approach of old age to Louis XI. and his death are singular sketches:—

"He began now to decline in his age, and to be subject to infirmity, and as he was sitting at dinner one day at Forges, near Chynon, he was seized on a sudden with a fit that took away his speech. Those who were about him took him from the table, held him to the fire, shut up the windows, and though he endeavoured to get to them for the benefit of the air, yet imagining it for the best, they would not suffer him to stir. It was in March 1479, when this fit seized upon him after this manner, which deprived him of his speech, understanding, and memory."

Some remedies being applied, and the windows being opened by the Lord of Vienne, "to give him fresh air, he came a little to himself immediately, recovered his speech and his senses in some measure, and mounting on horseback, he returned to Forges, for he was taken with this fit in a small village about a quarter of a league off, whither he went to hear mass. He was diligently attended, and made signs for every thing he wanted: among other things, he desired the official of Tours to come and take his confession, and made signs that he should be sent for, for I was gone to Argenton about ten leagues off: upon my return I found him at the table, and with him Monsieur Adam Fumée, (physician to the late King Charles, and at present master of the requests,) and one Monsieur Claude, another physician. He made signs that I should lie in his chamber; he understood little that was said to him, and his words were not intelligible; but he felt no manner of pain. I waited on him above a month at the table, and in his chamber as one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, which I took for a great honour, and it gave me great reputation. At the end of two or three days, he began to recover his speech and his senses; he fancied nobody understood him so clearly as myself, and therefore would have me always to attend him. He confessed himself to the official in my presence, for otherwise he could not have un-

derstood what he had said: there was no great matter in his confession, for he had been at confession a few days before, because whenever the Kings of France touch for the king's evil, they confess themselves first, and he never missed touching once every week, and if other princes do not the same, I think they are highly to blame: for there are always great numbers of people to be touched. As soon as he was a little recovered, he began to inquire who they were who held him by force from going to the window; and having an account of their names, he banished them the court, took away their employments from some of them, and never saw them again. From some, as Monsieur de Segre, Gilbert de Grassy Lord of Champeroux, he took away nothing, but banished them from his presence. Many wondered at his fancy; condemned his proceedings, and affirmed they had done what in their opinion they thought for the best, and that they were in the right; but the imagination of princes are different, and all those who undertake to give an account of them have not judgment enough to distinguish them. He was jealous of nothing so much as the loss of his regal authority, which was then very great; and he would not suffer his commands to be disobeyed in the most trivial point. On the other hand, he remembered that his father, King Charles, in the last fit of which he died, took a fancy that his courtiers had a mind to poison him, to make way for his son; and it made so deep an impression upon him, that he refused to eat, and by the advice of his physicians, and all the chief of his favourites, it was concluded he should be forced; and so after a great deliberation they forced victuals down his throat, upon which violence he died. King Louis having always condemned that way of proceeding, took it very heinously that they should use any violence with him, and yet he pretended to be more angry than he was; for the great matter that moved him was an apprehension that they would govern him in every thing else, and pretend he was unfit for the administration of public affairs, by reason of the imbecility of his senses. - - -

After this, "The king returned to Tours, and kept himself so close, that very few were admitted to see him; for he was grown jealous of all his courtiers, and afraid they would either depose, or deprive him of some part of his regal authority. He removed from about him all his old favourites, especially if they had any extraordinary familiarity with him; but he took nothing from them, only commanded them to their posts or country-seats: but this lasted not long, for he died a while after. He did many odd things, which made some believe his senses were a little impaired; but they knew not his humours. As to his jealousy, all princes are prone to it, especially those who are wise, have many enemies, and have oppressed many people, as our master had done. Besides, he found he was not beloved by the nobility of the kingdom, nor many of the commons; for he had taxed them more than any of his predecessors, though he now had some thoughts of easing them, as I said before; but he should have begun sooner."

The simplicity and soundness of some of these remarks seem curious in our times; but after all, De Comines was an honest courtier. The following illustrate the Novel—

"Among men renowned for devotion and sanctity of life, he sent into Calabria for one friar Robert, whom, for the holiness and pu-

city of conversation, the king called the 'Holy Man,' and in honour to him our present king erected a monastery at Plessis-du-Parc, in compensation for the chapel near Plessis at the end of the bridge. This hermit, at the age of twelve years, was put into a hole in a rock, where he lived three and forty years and upwards, till the king sent for him by the steward of his household, in the company of the Prince of Tarento, the King of Naples' son. But this hermit would not stir without leave from his holiness, and from his king, which was great discretion in a man so inexperienced in the affairs of the world as he was. He built two churches in the place where he lived; he never eat flesh, fish, eggs, milk, or any thing that was fat, since he undertook that austerity of life; and truly I never saw any man living so holy, nor out of whose mouth the Holy Ghost did more manifestly speak; for he was illiterate, and no scholar, and only had his Italian tongue, with which he made himself so much admired. This hermit passed through Naples, where he was respected, and visited (with as much pomp and ceremony, as if he had been the Pope's legate) both by the King of Naples and his children, with whom he conversed as if he had been all the days of his life a courtier. From thence he went to Rome, where he was visited by the cardinals, had audience three times of the Pope, and was every time alone with him three or four hours; sitting always in a rich chair placed on purpose for him, (which was great honour for a person in his private capacity,) and answering so discreetly to every thing that was asked him, that every body was extremely astonished at it, and his holiness granted him leave to erect a new order, called the Hermits of St. Francis. From Rome he came to our king, who paid him the same adoration as he would have done to the Pope himself, falling down upon his knees before him, and begging him to prolong his life: He replied as a prudent man ought. 'I have heard him often in discourse with the king that now is, in the presence of all the nobility of the kingdom; and that not above two months ago, and it seemed to me, whatever he said or remonstrated, was done by inspiration; or else it was impossible for him to have spoken of some things that he discoursed of. He is still living, and may grow either better or worse, and therefore I will say nothing. There were some of the courtiers that made a jest of the king's sending for this hermit, and called him the Holy Man, by way of banter; but they knew not the thoughts of that wise king, and had not seen what it was that induced him to do it.

"Our king was at Plessis, with little company but his archers, and the jealousies mentioned before, against which he had carefully provided; for he left no person, of whom he had any suspicion, either in town or country; but he sent his archers not only to warn, but to conduct them away. No business was communicated to him but what was of great importance, and highly concerned him. To look upon him, one would have thought him rather a dead than a living man. He was grown so lean, it was scarce credible: his clothes were now richer and more magnificent than they had ever been before; his gowns were all of crimson satin, lined with rich martens' furs, of which he gave to several, without being demanded; for no person durst ask a favour, or scarce speak to him of any thing. He inflicted very severe punish-

ments for fear of losing his authority, as he told me himself. He removed officers, disbanded soldiers, retrenched pensions, and sometimes took them away quite; so that, as he told me not many days before his death, he passed away his time in making and ruining men, which he did in order to be talked of more than any of his predecessors, and that his subjects might take notice he was not yet dead; for few were admitted into his presence, (as I said before,) and when they heard of his vagaries, nobody could easily believe he was sick. He had agents in all foreign courts. In England, their business was to carry on the treaty of marriage, and pay King Edward and his ministers of state their pensions very punctually. In Spain, their instructions were to amuse that court with fair words, and to distribute presents as they found it necessary for the advancement of his affairs. In remoter countries, where he had no mind his indisposition should be known, he caused fine horses or mules to be bought at any rate whatever; but this was not in France. He had a mighty curiosity for dogs, and sent into foreign countries for them; into Spain for one sort; into Bretagne for another; to Valentia for a third; and bought them dearer than the people asked. He sent into Sicily to buy a mule of a private officer of that country, and paid him double the value. At Naples, he caused all the horses and strange creatures to be bought up that could be found, and a sort of lions in Barbary no bigger than a fox, which he called Adits. He sent into Sweden and Denmark for two sorts of beasts those countries afforded; one of them called an elk, of the shape of a stag, and the bigness of a buffalo, with short and thick horns; the other, called Rengiers, of the shape and colour of a fallow deer, but their heads much larger; for each of which he gave the merchants four thousand five hundred Dutch florins. Yet, when all these rarities were brought to him, he never valued them, and many times would not so much as see the persons who brought them to court. In short, he behaved himself after so strange and tyrannical a manner, that he was more formidable, both to his neighbours and subjects, than he had ever been before; and indeed that was his design, and the motive which induced him to act so unaccountably. - - -

"His subjects trembled at his nod, and whatever he commanded was executed without the least difficulty or hesitation. Whatever was thought conducive to his health, was sent to him from all corners of the world. Pope Sixtus, who died last, being informed that the king in his devotion desired the corporal, or vest, which the apostle St. Peter used when he sung mass, he sent it immediately, and several relics besides.

"The holy vial at Rheims, which was never stirred before, was brought to his chamber at Plessis, and stood upon his cupboard's head when he died, for he designed to be anointed with it again, as he was at his coronation. Some were of opinion, he designed to have anointed himself all over, but that was not likely, for the vial was but small, and no great store of oil in it. I saw it myself at the time I speak of, and when he died, for he was interred in the church of Notre Dame de Clery. The Great Turk that now is, sent an embassy to him, which came as far as Riez, in Provence; but the king would not hear him, nor permit he should proceed any farther, though he

brought him a large roll of relics which had been left at Constantinople, in the hands of the Turk; all which, and a considerable sum of money besides, he offered to deliver into the king's hands, if he would secure a brother of the Turk's, who was then in France, in the custody of the knights of Rhodes, and is now at Rome, in the hands of the pope. From all which one may be able to judge of the great esteem and character he bore in the world for wisdom and grandeur, when religious things, dedicated only to devotion, were employed for the lengthening of his life, as well as things temporal and secular.* But all endeavours to prolong his life proved ineffectual; his time was come, and he must follow his predecessors. - - -

"He was still attended by his physician, Doctor James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns, in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates to him and his friends; yet this doctor used him so scurvily, one would not have given such unbecoming language to one's servants, as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him, he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him, as he had done all the rest of the servants; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, 'I know some time or other you will remove me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he confirmed it with an oath,) you shall not live eight days after it.' With which expression he was so terrified, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and present him, which must needs be a great mortification to a prince, who had been obeyed all along by so many brave men much above the doctor's quality.

"The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made, some of iron, and some of wood, but covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible cages about eight foot wide and seven high; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was the first that hanseled them, being immediately put in one of them, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since, for his invention, and some from me, having lain in one of them eight months together, in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extreme hard to be opened, and like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy; which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who have afterwards been advanced to places of trust and honour, and received great rewards from the king. - - -

"After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is His divine method in such kind of wonders. He took him out of the world in perfect ease, understanding, and memory; having called for all the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge, or expression of pain, to the very last moment of his life. He gave direc-

* Some say he drank children's blood for the recovery of his health.

tions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corps to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favour, in whom he had always placed great part of his trust, and served her devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, about eight at night, in the castle of Plessis, where his fit took him on the Monday before. His soul, I hope, is with God, and enjoys an everlasting rest in the kingdom of Paradise."

So ended this powerful prince, for the age in which he lived, and which he greatly troubled. His exit is also thus summed up in the Scandalous Chronicle added to these volumes:

"On Monday, the 25th of August, the king fell very ill at Montils, near Tours, and in two hours time lost his speech and his senses, and the news of his death came to Paris on Wednesday, the 27th of the same month; upon which the mayor and aldermen ordered the city gates to be shut up, and a strong guard to be placed at each of them, that none might go out or in without being examined, which made the common people cry out that the king was dead; but it was a false alarm, for his majesty was only in a fit, out of which he presently recovered, and lived till Saturday, the 30th of August, and then died about six or seven in the evening of the same day.

"As soon as he was dead his body was embalmed, and buried in the church of Notre Dame de Clery, at Montils, having, in his life-time, ordered it should be so, and positively commanded the dauphin not to bury him in the church of St. Dennis, where three kings of France (his illustrious predecessors) were interred. He never gave any reason for it, but some people were of opinion it was for the sake of the church, which he had liberally endowed, and out of a singular veneration for the blessed Virgin, who was worshipped there after a more solemn manner than in any other place in the kingdom. The king had during his whole reign, by the evil advice of M. Oliver, his barber, M. John de Doyac, and several other wicked counselors that were about his person, committed great injustice in his kingdom, and so miserably oppressed and harassed his people, that the very reflection of his tyrannical usage of them stung him to the heart, and almost drove him to despair; so that when he lay upon his death-bed he sincerely repented of all his sins, and gave prodigious sums of money to the clergy to pray for his soul, and rewarded them for their prayers with what he had by violence and extortion gotten of his subjects. It must be owned that his was a very busy reign, and full of many great and important actions, yet he managed his affairs so well, that he forced all his enemies to submit to his mercy, and was equally dreaded both abroad and at home. He lay for a long time before his death under very sharp and severe illnesses, which forced his physicians to make use of violent and painful applications, which though they were not so successful as to recover his health and save his life, yet, doubtless, they were very beneficial to his soul, and, perhaps, the chief means of saving it from eternal damnation, and fixing it in paradise, through His tender mercy who liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[We are indebted to a kind Correspondent for the annexed.]

The following anecdote of the present King of Sweden, which I heard from an old Avocat who remembered Bernadotte a mauvais petit clerc de procureur, is interesting, as showing that though a drunken brawler, (at least such is his character in his native town, where I heard the story,) he was even at that period well educated. He entered the army as Soldat de Marine, a force much more employed to do the garrison duty in the seaports than on board ship. When about seventeen or eighteen he came to Pau, his birth-place, along with the sergeant-major of his company (compagnie de Ségur,) who was his townsman, and afterwards rose to the rank of colonel. While there on furlough, the maitre d'armes of a regiment in garrison at Pau gave a public assaut, at which all the military assisted. The sergeant-major, who was a very good fencer, kept the master in play for a considerable time with very equal skill. At last he was wearied, and laid down the fleuret, which young Bernadotte took up, and put himself en garde, saying, "Ajax se repose—Achille prend les armes!" The French, however, make use of so many expressions in common life, so much what in England we should call above their station, that I admit such a speech was less a proof of reading than in a native of any other country. One thing with regard to him is admitted on all hands by those who knew him, that he was a méchant mauvais sujet! H.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANTIQUITIES: TEMPLE AT CORFU.

The remains of a Temple have lately been discovered in Corfu by Mr. W. Worsley; respecting which the following are some of the particulars:

"This Ruin is situate about half a league from the city of Corfu, beyond the Fontana di Cardachio, and near the country house of General Adam. The Temple is a small hexastyle of the Doric order, the proportions of which, however, do not indicate any very high antiquity, the columns being much slenderer than those of any of the more celebrated Doric temples; those, for instance, of Ægina, Athens, &c. or the more massive columns of the still more ancient Doric temples of Corinth, Pestum, &c.

The pillars are fluted, something above seven feet high, and hewn out of one piece, except the capital and the small part of the top of the shaft united with it. The material is a free-stone found in Corfu. Of the peristyle three are still standing, the six columns of the back (the western) façade, three on the north, and five on the south, not including the corner pillars. As this stone is rather soft, the surface of the columns is much damaged.

This little Temple has not being buried at once, but at different periods. The several accumulations may be perceived, and we even distinguish a gradual increase in the corrosion of the surface of the pillars.

On both sides of the Temple, at the distance of about twenty feet, two cisterns were discovered in a line with an internal building, which has been called an altar. They are square, forty feet deep, and end below in small square chambers, from which there are subterranean channels hewn in the rock.—No fragments of sculpture or inscriptions have

been dug up; some coins were found, but no rare ones. There is one of silver, with a Corymbian bow, (of the time of the Archons, if not earlier,) and some of bronze, perhaps of the same period; one of Lencas, some of the Corinthian colonies, with the usual type, the Pegasus, and several of the time of the Roman Emperors.

Mr. Mustoxidi, in the third book of his work upon Corcyra, observes that Strabo (in the 2d Book) speaks of a temple on this spot. He also quotes an inscription explained by Maffei, in which it is said that this Temple was repaired, and the wall which supports the eminence was erected; that a serpent made of metal was given as a present, and an altar, marked with the initial letter A: that the two cisterns were made, as well as several subterranean channels, to unite the waters and lead them to the arsenal. The inscription concludes with the remark that much saltpetre (?) was used in building the altars, and with a catalogue of the expenses. We see from it that the Temple was dedicated to Asclepius, and that the arsenal must have been near it.

The site of the Temple is picturesque. At the bottom of a pleasant hill planted with olive-trees, are its ruins hanging over a precipice, into which the whole of the east front and part of the two sides have fallen. Directly under the ruins, on the precipice, is the fountain of Cardachio. Formerly there was a modern church on this spot, but not a trace of it now remains. This church was dedicated to St. Nicholas, for which reason it is pretty generally affirmed in Corfu that the Temple must have been consecrated to Neptune, for, as you well know, St. Nicholas, among us Greeks, has in some measure succeeded to the office of the God of the Sea. Opposite the ruins we see the rock of St. Michael, called the Fortezza Vecchia, the Island of Illyria, and, in the background, the majestic mountains of Epirus."

Genoa, June 29, 1823.

BRONSTED.

LITERATURE.

NEW PERIODICAL.

WE observe it advertised in the Newspapers, that our old friend and popular contributor, the author of 'Wine and Walnuts,' is about to start a Weekly Miscellany, comprehending many curious and interesting heads in Literature, the Fine Arts, and anecdotal reminiscences. We know his stores of intelligence to be most ample, and if he draws them forth in his own peculiar and entertaining way, we cannot doubt but his publication will be extremely successful.

FONTHILL SALE.

As the *Literary Gazette* is not a party to any of the disputes to which the circumstances of the sale at Fonthill have given rise, and has only mentioned respecting it those matters which came distinctly within the scope of its duty as a publication professing to give an impartial account of all remarkable occurrences in Literature and the Arts, we have read with surprise in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, Mr. Phillips (the auctioneer's) denial of any higher prices than those given by Mr. Beckford having been written in any of the books, while he acknowledges that mistaken statements of prices obtained at the present sale have appeared in the Newspapers. The latter is, however, a matter of little importance, and being purged of the

former imputation, would have been the most essential point for the parties concerned. Certainly without a thought of imputing such an imposition to Mr. Phillips, who we dare say was entirely ignorant of the fact, we, having again referred to the best authority on the subject, repeat our assertion, that the book *Erizzo sopra de Medaglia* had been altered from Mr. Beckford's price 10s. 6d. to the gross amount of 6d. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Phillips also, we observe, admits the statements that a vast quantity of new property had been added to make up this sale, which he contends, and no one can deny, his employer had a right to do; and he adopts the natural (but for buyers very inconvenient) course which we suggested, namely, a reference to Mr. Christie's catalogue of last year, to show intending purchasers what are original and what introduced articles. Our only question upon this point is, whether (for we know not what has been said on the subject) any public Journal has charged Mr. Farquhar or his agents with endeavouring to puff off the books, pictures, bijouterie, &c. carted into Fonthill by them, as the genuine effects of its late proprietor. The early advertisements must decide this, and we feel no interest to induce us to refer to them.

As we have been represented as censuring without just grounds, however, we may add in our defence, that among the books sold as Mr. Farquhar's, or as Mr. Beckford's, besides a number from Mr. Mansell's sale at Newport Pagnell last year, were works from the library of Mr. Douglas, which have been sold by Mr. Squibb by public auction within the last three months in London. As Mr. Lawford lives under Mr. Squibb's rooms, he may be able to enlighten us respecting these volumes.

Note.—This Mr. Lawford, we have learnt barely time enough to advert to it, has committed the foolish act of writing a letter in the *Times* newspaper this (Friday) morning, which, though we are not inclined to revive the Battle of the Books, requires a notice from us. The poor man, though a dealer in books, a disseminator of literary information, is absolutely so ignorant that he calls the *Literary Gazette* an obscure publication, and talks of its limited circulation. We are quite astonished that it has not found its way even into his obscure alley; but when next he writes about it in *The Times*, the conductors of that Journal will instruct him, that, great as their now circulation is, that of the *Literary Gazette* does not differ from it probably by the small number of five hundred impressions. Seeing that Mr. Lawford is so exceedingly stupid in literary matters, and knows so little of what has been done and is doing, it is hardly worth while to inquire what portion of our intelligence of last week he means to say is inconsistent with fact. If he ventures to deny the whole, we can only say he has more impudence than intelligence; and farther, since he has provoked it, we dare him to contradict any part of it, as if he does we are prepared with proof to confound him, and demonstrate every iota of our communication to the public.

SIR, ROBERT D. BRYDGES.

WITHIN the last three years, Sir Egerton Brydges has published three volumes of his "*Res Literaria*," the first at Naples, the second at Rome, the third at Geneva. The first consists of critical notices of celebrated or scarce Italian works, as well as of biographical

details of their authors. Petrarch occupies the chief place in it. It contains literal translations in English prose of most of his sonnets and canzoni. These translations, which are as expressive as they are faithful, are from the pen of Sir Egerton's daughter, Mrs. Swan. One of the most valuable pieces in this volume is an Autobiography of Petrarch, written in Latin, and called "*Franciscus Petrarca posteritatis S.*" Two papers, the one on the Origin of Italian Poetry, the other on the Infancy of Florentine Literature, possess much interest. The second volume is likewise in a great measure devoted to Italian literature. It contains an article on the style of the poetry of Collins and Gray; and another on the Troubadours; but the rest is filled up with a critical, biographical, and literary miscellany, comprehending some of the most remarkable pieces of Italian poetry in the earliest periods of Italian literature. The third volume, which also treats principally of Italian literature, adverts to a number of poets of merit, whose works are become rare. A bibliographical article on the works of Dante; extracts from the works of old French and Spanish authors; a second paper on the Troubadours and the Courts of Love; several notices respecting the Literary History of Geneva, and some Latin and French poems by Genevese authors, complete the volume.—*Foreign Review.*

FINE ARTS.

DRAMATIC COSTUME.

THERE has been shown to us the prospectus of a Work on Dramatic Costume, designed from good authorities, and (it is proposed) to be acted upon by the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, which we cannot but esteem as a promise of the most essential improvement to our national Stage. Viewing it in this light, we shall beg leave to offer a few more remarks upon the subject than we are in the practice of bestowing upon bare announcements. The publication is by Mr. J. R. Planché, and the tragedy of King John is the first selected for this species of graphic illustration. The drawings whence the plates are to be executed, represent the various characters in their real and appropriate costume, as ascertained by references to ancient and contemporary writers, to monuments, to old portraits, and to other data of an unquestionable authenticity. The same being adopted by the theatre (as we learn is intended,) the audience will indeed be enabled to see the kings and queens, the knights and ladies, the priests, the beaux, the clowns, the serving-men, and all the inexhaustible progeny of Shakespeare's drawing, represented upon the Stage "in their habits as they lived."

We are all aware of the vast services done to the drama in this respect by the late Mr. Kemble; and we know how attentive they are to propriety of dress and decoration with regard to the most classical performances in the leading Parisian theatres. But still many anachronisms of the grossest kind, and anomalies of the strangest absurdity, remain to be reformed; and if the task is fairly, liberally, and diligently undertaken, it will undoubtedly be productive of an effect, the extraordinary attractions of which can hardly be sufficiently anticipated. For, besides the great merit of verisimilitude and truth, impressing interesting historical lessons, and explaining many passages which bear reference to the dresses of the charac-

ters; the various costumes of these distant times are in themselves exquisitely adapted for dramatic show and picturesque grouping. Every one acknowledges the advantage of having Brutus played in a Roman garb instead of an old Colonel's uniform, and Macbeth in tartan and mail instead of a wig and laced waistcoat; but we have yet to appreciate the, if possible, greater, and at any rate more refined amelioration of the drama, which would be effected by giving us the genuine costume of the Tudors (for instance) in their warlike days, unmingled with that of the sixteenth or seventeenth century—a British king with perhaps Spanish officers, and all those queer medleys which the wardrobes of our theatres now so invariably exhibit.

Should Mr. C. Kemble, as is stated in this Prospectus, commence the reformation, of which it is farther stated he highly approves, and if Mr. Planché employs due research and skill upon his part, we are convinced that an epoch will be made in the history of the Stage, which will equally redound to the profit and honour of those by whom it is introduced.

We have only to add, that the Drawings are on a small scale, about four inches in length, but they display both the spirit and the investigation of their author. The work (in lithography) is to be published occasionally, and, if we understand rightly, to be guided in this point by the contemporaneous appearance of the novelties it revives on the Stage at Covent Garden.

A New Series of Illustrations of the Novels and Tales entitled Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, and A Legend of Montrose. Medium 8vo. London 1823. Hurst, Robinson, & Co.; A. Constable, Edinburgh.

THIS series consists of twelve Plates engraved by Heath, Rolls, Romney, Portbury, and Mitchell, from original Drawings by Leslie. They are of various degrees of merit; but as a whole very honourable to the designer, and to those who have multiplied his conception on the copper. Mr. Leslie possesses two qualities rarely combined,—grace and humour: thus many of his forms are lovely, and where the subject suits, they are almost always drolly characteristic. His expression, at the same time, never degenerates into caricature, but just conveys a sense of the ludicrous, without lapsing into burlesque or exaggeration.

We shall enumerate his present Designs in their order.

1. Flora in the Glen of Glennaquoich; *Waverley*.—A sweet female, but rather pretty for the impassioned enthusiast. Her companion is in a fine attitude;—the harp too cumbersome and heavy to be capable of transport by female strength. The scenery appropriate, though the freedom of the tree is not accompanied by equal truth in the waterfall.

2. Mac Ivor warned by the Grey Spirit; *the Same*.—Has nothing peculiar to recommend it; but the moonlight on the Spirit, and its shadow fading into a baseless vision at the lower extremities, are happily conceived. Mac Ivor's position is common-place, his drapery stiff, and his limbs out of proportion.

3. Meg Merrilies compelling Dominic Sampson to eat; *Guy Mannering*.—The head of the Gipsy fine, and the terror of the Dominic well expressed.

4. The Antiquary incensed at the intrusion on his Sanctum Sanctorum; *The Antiquary*.—A good scenic effect, and the accessories, especially

Helmes with its eyes wide open, humorously chosen. The stick of the angry virtuoso about to descend in pointed fury, and the astonished look of the inconsiderate offender, convey a full sense of their relative feelings according with the description of the author.

5. Dousterswivel and Eddie Ochiltree; *The Juliquary*; cannot be so praised; yet the old beggar is a good figure.

6. Francis Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon in the Library; *Rob Roy*.—Nothing can surpass the beauty and sweetness of these figures. The heroine is of a softer loveliness than as represented in the Novel, but the whole is so exquisitely graceful as to claim the highest panegyric. The armour hanging up seems to us to be too small, if we were inclined to dwell on little blemishes.

7. The Black Dwarf at the Tomb of his affianced Bride; *Black Dwarf*.—Another admirable conception, and replete with imagination. The frightful figure of the Dwarf is contrasted with the mortal beauty of the tomb in a most affecting manner. The design of the monument itself is very pathetic, and might serve as a model for the sculptor whence to execute a work of art of the purest order.

8. King Charles II. saluting Lady Bellenden; *Old Mortality*.—A subject the very reverse of the foregoing. The easy gallantry of the King, the delighted dignity of the Lady, and the half-suppressed simpering of her Damsels, are admirably portrayed. The countenance of Lady B. is all that could be wished. You see it is a kiss that will never be forgotten.

9. Effie Deans and her Sister in the Tolbooth; *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.—In this Mr. Leslie has out-Timanthised Timanthes, for he has hidden all the faces of the characters. The painter of Sicyon only covered one head, the agony of which he deemed to be beyond expression; but that the fancy of concealing every feature, and allowing us nothing but two arms, one ear, hair, and the bodily forms, to convey the sentiment of a scene of suffering, is a wise expedient, we are not quite prepared to acknowledge.

10. Effie before the Queen, (*same Novel*), is a very different and very superior performance. Her entreating attitude, petite figure, Scotch look, and national costume, are excellent. It is impossible not to be moved by such a pleader; and the stateliness of the Queen is gently yielding to her surprise and humanity.

11. The Ominous Incident at the Mermaid's Fountain; *Bride of Lammermoor*.—A thing of charming romance and interest. The figures are full of spirit and gracefulness; and the scene exquisitely painted, even to the disjointed stone of the ancient fountain.

12. Dalgetty and Randal of the Mist escaping through the Chapel; *Legend of Montrose*.—Another characteristic and excellent piece; finishing a series in which if we have pointed out some slight imperfections, we are nevertheless bound to say of it altogether, that it is not unworthy of the Volumes it has been invented to adorn.

As literary news, we may appropriately add here, that these Illustrations are published with a Miniature Edition of the Novels and Tales; and one of the most beautiful works that has ever issued from Ballantyne's justly-celebrated press.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM MY POCKET BOOK.

SONG.

Oh do not talk to me of love,
 'Tis deepest cruelty to me;
 Why throw a net around the bird
 That might be happy, light and free.
 It may be sport to win a heart,
 Then leave that heart to pine and die;
 The vows which now my bosom rend
 May not cost you one single sigh.

The love which is as life to me,
 Is but a simple toy to you;
 The falsehood at which you but smile
 Is death to one so fond, so true.
 Then do not talk to me of love,
 My heart is far too warm for thine;
 Go, and 'mid pleasure's lights and smiles,
 Head not what clouds and tears are mine.

SONG.

Yes, still truly thine! Ah, they never Love knew
 Who drew him with wings of the Iris' hue;
 Love is still the same, changeless, 'mid smiles and
 'mid tears,

The anchor for hope, and the shelter for fears.

Thy fate may be darkness,—I ask but to share
 The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care;
 Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be
 More dear than the smile of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love
 Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;
 But the chain thou hast linked is more precious to
 Than liberty, if it divides me from thee. [me

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear,—
 A dungeon were brightness if thou too wert there;
 Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,—
 'Tis life to be near thee, and death if we part!

MY HARP!

Come, gentle harp, and let me hold
 Communion with thy melody,
 And be my tale of sorrow told
 To thee, my harp, and only thee.

There are who marvel I should twine
 My wreath of flowers, whose bloom is gone;
 And wonder hand so light as mine
 Should linger but on sorrow's tone.

They say that life, to one so young,
 Must be a sweet and sunny view;
 They know not how my soul has clung
 To hope, and found that hope untrue;

They know not that a smile for me
 Is but the feigning masquer's art,—
 That each low note I draw from thee
 Is the sad echo of my heart.

The following is a translation of Milton's celebrated Latin Poem, "*De Ideâ Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.*" The words designated by italics are not in the original.

THE PLATONIC IDEA.

Tell me, O guardian Goddesses! who keep
 Your state amidst the greenwood's holy sleep,—
 And thou, oh! blessed mother, Memory!
 Mother of the thrice-triple deity,—
 And thou who in some vast far cave doth lie
 Musing for aye,—idle Eternity!
 Keeping the carved books and fix'd decrees
 Of Jove, Heaven's festal nights, and diaries,—
 Who was he from whose image Man was drawn
 By the learn'd Nature,—all eternal,—born
 Beyond corruption,—full ag'd as the pole,—
 Single, yet universal,—like the soul
 Of his own God?—He doth not, though a twin
 With virgin Pallas, dwell (where born) within
 Jove's brain; but, tho' like us, of earthly race,
 Liveth alone, and by the amorous space
 Is clasped;—O admire this!—

Say,—whether he
 (Companion since eternity
 Of all the stars) doth pace the Heavens' blue bounds,—
 Or wanders in their ten-times-traversed rounds;
 Or lieth on the earthward side o' the moon;
 Or sits amongst the impatient ghosts who wait
 For incarnation, in that ghastly noon,
 Where Lethe lies with Time, yet keeps no date;
 Or whether the Man-giant, far off hurled,
 Doth people again with life some other world,

And, greater than the starry Atlas, rear
 His head amongst the Gods.—The Dircean seer
 (Whose extreme darkness touch'd the springs of
 Ne'er saw him imaged on his inward sight; [light)
 Nor did Pleione's swift-wing'd son unseal
 The eyes of prophets, and his shape reveal
 In the still midnight:—The Assyrian priest
 Knew him not, tho' the antique lines he traced
 Of Ninus and old Belus, and the fame
 Of swart Osiris: Hermes,—thrice great name,—
 Thrice glorious,—tho' nought else escaped his mind,
 Left him, 'mongst Isis' secrets, undefined.

And thou,—O rural Academe's great glory!
 If thou first taught'st the schools this monstrous
 story,

Call back the Muse's children, banished low,
 Or thou thyself, convicted, go—
 For the first fabler,—through the self-same gate,
 To where those poet-exiles wait! B.

STANZAS.

Thy bloom is gone! the deep blue light
 That flashed from out that arching brow
 More dimly shines,—beneath the blight
 Of sickness fades thy beauty now;
 And o'er what once was fair and bright,
 The tears from sorrow's fountain flow.
 Those eyes in thoughtful gaze reclined,
 That cheek's pale hue, thy long dark hair,
 Dishevell'd by the passing wind,
 With more than speaking woe declare
 How grief has chilled thy youthful mind,
 How yields thy young hope to despair.
 Yet Care has thrown such pleasing spells
 In thy sad air,—such power to move—
 Each sympathising tear that dwells
 On my wet lash can fondly prove.
 Each breathing sigh with pity awells,
 'Till pity softens into love. G. B. H.

[I wrote the following Epigram in December 1817, upon a particular occasion, with which the public at large has nothing to do; but it gives an idea of what the French in their colloquial dialect call "une bête."]

EPIGRAMME.

Dorville est homme forte honnête,
 Partout choyé, toujours déçu;
 Delà sans doute je conclus
 Que Dorville n'est qu'une bête.
 Il a de l'esprit, des talents;
 Il chante, il danse comme un ange,
 Il fait des vers à la louange
 Des Princes et des courtisans;
 Quoiqu'il n'en fasse qu'à sa tête,
 Partout on l'aime, on lui fait fête:
 Des faveurs Dorville est au faite,
 Et n'est pas maître d'un écu—
 Delà donc toujours je conclus
 Que Dorville n'est qu'une bête. Z.

* Such are the words of one of our last Notes (11th May) from the Abbe M'Quin, of whom we have often recently spoken. We did not always employ his friendly communications immediately, and since his death they have acquired a melancholy interest, which hardly suits with the title of this little Epigram.—Ed.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. MATTHEW BAILLIE.

This eminent Physician died on Tuesday last, at his seat near Cirencester, at the age of about sixty-two or sixty-three. His loss is in many ways entitled to a mourning niche in the columns of a literary record. He was the brother of Joanna Baillie; and nephew, by his mother, to the celebrated John and William Hunter. Thus connected with what is most respectable in literature and medicine, he was himself distinguished in both. His works on the Morbid Anatomy of the

Human Body,* and other medical subjects, and his frequent and valuable contributions to the best scientific publications of the period, rank him high as a professional and literary character.

His practice was like his reputation, universal: it had no bounds but the inability of his physical powers to do more than he did. He was consulted by none more anxiously than by his own learned brethren; and this we take to be the true criterion of great and acknowledged skill. Indeed he may justly be said to have been at the head of his profession.

Like many of his contemporaries, and we have pleasure in stating it to his and their honour, his liberality was equal to his judgment. Often were lucrative engagements with the exalted and wealthy deferred in order to afford time for visiting the low and poor, and alleviating the sufferings of those who added not one fee to the humanely-acquired fortunes of the Physician. Of this, though unacquainted with Dr. MATTHEW BAILLIE, we have known so many instances as to confirm us in the belief that such were his general habits—shall we say sacrifices? No; for he had his reward even here, in the esteem of all good men, and in the gratitude of beings rescued from death, and the deeper gratitude of those who loved them, saved from deeper misery. Let this be his memory. His example need hardly be held up; for our experience of life teaches us to repeat, that in all the liberal professions there is none where such a lesson is less needed than among the most distinguished Physicians in London.

* Several editions from 1793 to the present time.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. X.

THE BLUES.

On Wednesday afternoon, as four or five of us were idling under the elms before Captain Sandes's door, the Highflyer Light Post drove by, and Joe Whipcord the coachman, with his usual dexterity, pitched into my hands a packet from London. Having hastily peeled off the string, wax, and brown paper, we found the document which I now transmit to you, accompanied with a note from Tom Neverout, explaining how it came into his possession. One of the scouts who supply police intelligence to his Journal, being on duty at Queen Square, found it on the floor of the office shortly after the departure of a gigantic portly lady, who had come to give information that her niece had eloped with a cornet of horse-marines. He handed it to the clerk, who smiled as he looked it over, and then made him a present of it. Mr. Neverout adds, that he has no scruple in assigning to the paper its present destination: the young lady evidently meant it as a fugitive effusion; and he considers it a very appropriate prelude to her flight to Gretna Green.

Notes taken at a Blue-stocking Conversation.

Mrs. Thimblecorn. As Lady President for the evening, I beg to propose Miss Faintaway a member of this Literary Society. She has published; and her writings are approved by a certain class of readers.—I hope, ladies, you find the tea palatable?

Miss Stanza. After a little more cream and another lump of sugar, I shall beg leave to inquire what the lady has written; for this is the first time I ever heard her name.

Mrs. Thimblecorn. Miss Faintaway has published some very interesting Novels, much in the style of our modern Savonarola, Mr. Irving. She possesses several remains of her own poetry, dramatic, epic, lyrical, and legendary, which is destined, at no distant period, to effect a total revo-

lution in the realms of rhyme. Last summer, instead of going to Margate in the steamer, she remained in town, and furnished a complete Index to the Evangelical Magazine. From the original Italian she lately translated two volumes of the Adventures and Amours of Baron Bergami; and has now in the press a Treatise on the Eradication of Corns, with a poetical and pathetic Dedication to the wearers of tight shoes. But you are to understand, ladies, that the delicate reserve and amiable modesty of Miss Faintaway have induced her to conceal her name and preserve the strictest incognito.

Lady Henpecker. With due deference, ladies, to Mrs. Thimblecorn's proposal, and with all imaginable heed to the encomiums that have been lavished on this female, it appears to me that she is merely an anonymous scribbler. Those who feel a consciousness of merit are never ashamed to affix their names to their literary performances: authorship is an honourable game at hazard for reputation: my name has always appeared in the title-page; and it is well known that the vagabonds who review authors feel delight in exercising their severity upon persons of rank and condition. With my consent, no fabricator of improbable fiction, "tricked and flogged" in the verbiage of mystical sentiment (I think you called this woman Faintaway) shall ever be admitted into this Institution, which ought to be regarded as the drawing-room of the Muses. Let these nameless romancers, these trolls of Thalia, these mop-squeezers to Melpomene, segregate in the kitchen, and read their blotted manuscripts to printers' devils. "We that are of purer fire".... How thick, Madam, your bread and butter is cut!

Mrs. Darnless. Your Ladyship has anticipated my sentiments; and I fully concur with you in the opinion that this assembly was not designed for the scullions of the Muses. [Here the gentleman in waiting announced Lady Gorman and Miss Euphemia Andromache Fibbs.]

Lady Henpecker. That everlasting prosing Irishwoman and her odious protégée, Miss Fibbs! I wonder upon what principle of selection two such *precieuses ridicules* were allowed a place on the honourable roll of our coterie. Here they come, talking all the way up stairs to the servants, after the manner of Sir Roger de Coverley. *(To the ladies, entering.)* My dear Lady Gorman, my darling Effie, I rejoice to see you both! I hope your Ladyship is very well.

Lady Gorman. Quite charming, I thank you.

Mrs. Thimblecorn. You may justly anticipate that compliment.

Lady Gorman. Ladies, I salute you all. Don't rise—no ceremony. I beg, Mrs. Thimblecorn, you will not think of adding a particle of ammunition to the tea-pot on our account. I know the strength of your gunpowder; and besides, we have already taken some reflection, having alighted at Mrs. Combs's, in Bond-street, for a little rosolio to tranquillize our nerves after an accidental agitation.

Miss Fibbs. 'Tis a truly divine liqueur. I understand it to be distilled from the herb *ros solis*, or sun-dew; therefore it may rightly be deemed the inspiring nectar of Apollo, the immortalizing tippie of the Nine.

Miss Stanza. I hope the accident that occasioned your agitation was not of a very alarming nature?

Lady Gorman. Oh no, dear! not at all alarming, only very provoking. You must know, our young friend having lent her landaulet to the Miss Flyabouts of Hornsey, we were waiting at her *rus in urbe* near Holloway, expecting to come by the Highgate stage, which would have brought us just in time. When it drove up, behold, the inside was occupied by six greasy citizens, who had been gormandizing, I suppose, at some bean-feast. We expected, of course, that they would vie with each other which should mount the roof and resign their places to us, as the evening was cold and foggy; but no! not one of them would budge. I intreated, expostulated, stormed, but all to no purpose. In the midst of an eloquent

and animated invective, when I was expressing my surprise that the vehicle should be full, and not a gentleman in it, I was interrupted by one of the Goths, who said with imperturbable indifference, "I know all that;" and continued his brief acquiescent responses to the end of my speech. Effie trembled with agony, and I was ready to burst with vexation.

Miss Stanza. Horrid! How did you arrive after the disappointment?

Miss Fibbs. Fortunately, a return cabriolet drove up from Muswell-hill; its conductor very gallantly took charge of us, and gave the go-by to the heavier leathern convenience and its crew of brutes.

Lady Gorman. Ha! the cabriolet! Mercy on us! I left in it my tortoise-shell snuff-box, gold mounted, with a lyre on the lid. How could you be so absent, Effie, as to allow me to forget it? Some one must....

Waiting Woman. The vehicle is still at the door, my Lady, and the man asleep in it. He has not received his fare.

Lady Gorman. Oh, true. Fortunately I had no small change. Go, Mrs. Penelope, discharge him, and bring the box. *[Exit Mrs. P.]*

Miss Slipshod. Here is some genuine Musulpatam at your service.

Lady Gorman. No, I thank you, I prefer the high-dried. Well, ladies, I beg pardon for interrupting conversation with the recital of this paltry adventure. But only think; as I said, not a gentleman in the coach, and yet it was full!

Lady Henpecker. I admire your orthodoxy. You pronounce full as if it rhymed with dull.

Lady Gorman. I should be very insensitive were I not to be grate-*ful* in acknowledging the correction. But come, what literary topics were under discussion when we had the felicity to join the circle? By the by, might I be allowed to propose, as an honorary member of this Society, a learned and illustrious foreigner?

Lady Henpecker. Who may that person be?

Lady Gorman. The biographer of Napoleon—the Count Las Cases.

Lady Henpecker. He is certainly an old woman; but he must produce better credentials than his apocryphal biography of *Le Petit Bonhomme*, his rificaments of the pamphlets levelled at Lord Bathurst from Saint Helena, and the puffs of his own vapid, interminable *Atlas Historique*.

Lady Gorman. Would your Ladyship allow me to propose Mr. Leigh Hunt as the laureate of our Society? His sonnets in praise of something merit our warmest eulogy, and entitle him to be called the Teian bard.

Mrs. Darnless. His wishy-washy poetry is fit only for the perusal of washerwomen. He is wholly ineligible.

Miss Slipshod. I understand that he went by sea to Italy, because he was horrified at anticipating the blunders that would be made by the French officers of police when they read his name on the passport. Monsieur Hau—Hou—H—n—an insignificant, unimpressive nasal monosyllable—an interjection necessarily to be pronounced in a sneering tone—H—n?

Mrs. Darnless. He might have adopted and adapted a splendid name from Madame de Staël's Delphine, and called himself Léonce. It would also have sounded well in Italian—Signor Léonzo.—But let us resume the interesting topic of our conversation. Bless me! what makes Miss Fibbs so fidgety about her reticule? What can be its contents?

Lady Gorman. Only Mr. Fosbroke's interesting quarto on British Monachism, and a manuscript sketch of a metropolitan romance to be called Fitzalwyne.

Miss Fibbs. To be printed at the Minerva Press, and dedicated, by permission, to the Lady Mayoress and all the Alderwomen. Shall I be honoured with Lady Henpecker's name in my list of subscribers?

Lady Henpecker. No, child; but I wish you joy of your patronesses, and congratulate you on the figure you will make at Guildhall and the Mansion-house. Proceed, Mrs. Darnless.

Mrs. Dumless. I concurred in your Ladyship's opinion that this assembly was not designed for the scullions of the Muses. All our members must be devoted to the higher pursuits of literature; they must cultivate it with enthusiasm, and to the utter dereliction of all worldly concerns. When I was writing my Tragedy, nothing could divert me from its prosecution; and on approaching the catastrophe, I became deaf to the cries of my hungry children, and insensible to the teasing, wheezing cough of a consumptive husband. These are merely domestic calamities, and below the consideration of a mind that weaves a web involving the fate of a hero. What is widowhood, compared with those efforts of dramatic genius that may elevate my tragedy to the same shelf with Shakspeare and Racine? Indeed it was foolish to marry; and perhaps after all I entered into the holy state of wedlock more from a laudable curiosity than from the impulse of affection. But the official drudgery of consubial life, the confined atmosphere, the malaria, of domestic "comfort," as they absurdly term it, is not the medium that a literary female ought to respire. I dare say, my dear Lady Henpecker, that even for the loss of Sir Jeremiah you found ample compensation, or at least abundant relief, in the consolations of philosophy.

Lady Henpecker. I never missed him, though he died suddenly. All the sisterhood of the *Bas Bleu* considered it a mutual accommodation, and therefore a happy release. Sir Jerry had no taste but for wine, and his learning was confined to the Sporting Calendar. He had, however, some good traits in his character, which need not now be portrayed, as there is an end of all that sort of thing. But to display my devotedness and attachment to his memory, I wrote his funeral sermon, which was preached by the vicar, his intimate friend, his boon and bottle companion, who spoke of it as a lively and spirited production. However, these trifles, these *jeux d'esprit*, as I may call them, possess but little interest compared with the great work which has engrossed my soul, and which is now nearly completed.—I mean my "Analysis and Demonstrations of the Superiority of the Female Intellect."

Miss Slipshod. Such a work can proceed solely from the pen of Lady Henpecker. You, my Lady, are alone competent to proclaim the triumph of our sex over the masculine understanding, and establish in the female line the pre-eminence which man has tyrannically and unjustly usurped. In plain truth, I am a mau-hater.

Miss Stanza. Perhaps, Miss, that sentiment may be the result of fatal experience; you may have some delicate reasons for the antipathy. It is not impossible that the practical wisdom of a matron may lurk under the stole of a virgin.

Miss Slipshod. That compliment, Miss Stanza, might perhaps be divided between us; and as you are considerably my senior, the larger share is very much at my service.

[Here arose a general cry of "Chair! Chair!"]

Mrs. Thimblecorn. Ladies, this assembly is held for the diffusion of literature, and not for the indulgence of personal animosity. This is no Court of Inquiry; no office for the establishment or destruction of character; no ordeal, where burning ploughshares are introduced as a test for verifying or refuting fanx-pas and peccadilloes, but the temple of the Muses. This squabble concerning that with which we have nothing to do, has interrupted Lady Henpecker's communication relative to her important and meritorious forthcoming volume. I beg that her Ladyship may be allowed to resume.

Lady Henpecker. The female mind has been degraded principally by erroneous education and discipline, which have enfeebled its stamina, and rendered us the playthings, rather than the competitors of man. We are cajoled throughout every stage of existence, from the cradle to the tomb. In infancy we are enticed to fondle a doll, and taught to consider ourselves mothers in miniature; in maturer life we are expected to exercise incessantly the minute mechanical toil of

the needle. During those interesting years called our *teens*, we are doomed to incarceration in a boarding-school, subject to the domination of some imperious governess, and her pert and vulgar satellites, absurdly denominated teachers. Here, to the abandonment of all intellectual culture, we learn to distort our limbs into elegant attitudes, that we may attract the admiration of coxcombs and dandies; we must not enter or alight from a carriage but by rules prescribed; we are stunned with scientific discordance under the name of music, and rendered purblind by imitating, with a feeble pencil, copies that bear no vestige of art, nor the slightest resemblance to nature. In these seminaries for the confusion of tongues we prattle foreign languages without their idiom, and forget our own. Hypocrisy gives the last brilliant polish, by encouraging us to suppress appetite and disown feeling; to affect apathy when we are interested, and to counterfeits sympathy when we are wholly insensible. Such is the hopeful progress of modern female education, which must be overturned, or we shall ever continue, by capricious alternations, to be the toys and slaves of the bearded despot; defrauded of the elevation to which our exalted talents and refined perceptions entitle us, and doomed, in the language of that pot-house poet Shakspeare,

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

According to my system, there should be an University for Women, with a complete train of female professors, petticoat graduates, mistresses of arts, tutoresses, &c. They should grant the usual degrees; and had her late Majesty survived, I have no doubt that she would have become Patroness or Chancellor, and have honoured the institution with a Royal endowment. Eclipsed by such a nursery for learning, Oxford and Cambridge would decline, and ultimately be deserted.

Mrs. Thimblecorn. After such desertion, whither could young gentlemen resort to finish their studies?

Lady Henpecker. To our University, doubtless.

Miss Slipshod. Would not such mixed association afford frequent occasion for scandal?

Lady Henpecker. Who would dare breathe a syllable of scandal against a Platonic academe? The sexes are destined to associate, and the sooner they begin the better—under proper regulations.

[Here Miss Stanza, after a moderate scream and a flow of tears, followed by a distressing laugh, like a rider to a parliamentary bill, swooned away. All the Club instantly rose: salts, hartshorn, and vinaigrette, were produced and applied; some called for eau de luce, others for water. Miss Slipshod cried out, "Cut the lace of her stays—she may perish from compression." An elderly lady replied, "She does not wear any." Lady Henpecker, whose apprehension appeared to quicken as the distress became urgent, said, "I am no novice in these matters: Mrs. Thimblecorn, let something in the form of maraschino, noyeau, or ratafia, be brought directly; that is the only remedy;—the astringency of the tea has relaxed the coils of her stomach."] *Mrs. Thimblecorn.* I lament that I possess none of those fashionable cordials; but I have some genuine Hollands.

Lady Henpecker. Best of all! Bring the Scheedam bottle directly. Give Miss Stanza a bumper; and after the fright and agitation we have undergone, together with the tea, which is apt to disagree with some constitutions, I should recommend every lady to follow my example.

[This proposal was unanimously adopted. Lady Gorman was the first to discern and to announce that the interesting invalid had opened the fringed curtains of her eyes; and they all rejoiced to hear her sigh forth a line from her favourite Hafiz, the Persian poet, in allusion to the cordial that had restored her to life: "The tulip is acquainted with the faithlessness of the world; for, from the time that it blows till it dies, it holds the cup in its hand." Lady Henpecker's carriage was soon afterwards announced, and the whole coterie separated.]

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

THE return of Madame Vestris to this theatre has induced the Proprietors to try a representation or two of the *Lord of the Manor*. This Opera, like all the other dramatic works of its accomplished author, bears evident marks of having been the production of a gentleman and a scholar; but, at the same time, justice compels us to acknowledge that it hardly contains a sufficient diversity of character or incident to render it very popular, and, until its revival some years ago at Covent Garden with alterations and additional music, it was but little known to the play-going public. The actors of that day, however, stamped a certain reputation upon it, and it has ever since kept possession of the stage. The reception it met with on Saturday last was not quite so favourable as usual. The characters of Trumore and Rashley, upon whom so much of the attraction of the piece depends, were not represented in the way we have been accustomed hitherto to see them, and this failure seemed to throw a damp over the whole performance. Terry, Liston, and Harley, notwithstanding, did their best; and the delightful acting and singing of Vestris and Miss Love made up for many deficiencies, and often served to relax the critical frown we had been compelled to assume at the utter want of fitness in other performers. A regular Opera is indeed rather too much for a Summer Company; and we would again counsel the Manager to stick to the Farces, whether five act, three, or two, of Keuny, Colman, and O'Keefe.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

ON Tuesday, Mr. Mathews concluded his engagement at this theatre, and took his leave of town till he returns, as we understand, to be *At Home* in American Personations next February. How the New York Boarding House characters, the black preachers, the civil republican servants, and other Yankee worthies, will appear in his rich colouring remains to be seen: we dare say they will make a transatlantic group true to life and nature, and so perfectly import the feelings, looks, manners, and opinions of the New World, that future Birkbecks, Fearons, and Fauns, may study the national features in the Strand, London, and be spared the toil and trouble of emigrating voyages and exploring travels to spy the "undiscovered country," and decide the great political and sectarian question—whether it is better to bide at home, than seek for happiness in the Back Settlements—to

"—bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

"Prognosticating a prophecy" of what Mr. Mathews is likely to achieve, we are sorry to revert to what he has done; as all his performances have proved how utterly unanited he is for a place in the regular drama. Like Saturn devouring all the children of Rhea, he has been voraciously addicted to the swallowing up of all the children of Thespis; inasmuch that we never could endure to witness his cruelty upon the stage. For instance, even if the author made him a *Cipher*, how did he act the part? Was he content to be a *Cipher*? No. On the contrary, he made all the rest *Ciphers*, and his own the prominent, the engrossing character. This is not to be tolerated in the regular drama! Again, how disrespectfully and cavalierly did

he treat the audience, paying no regard to their wishes expressed unanimously and in a manner which would elicit a different return from any but a man of the rankest ingratitude. We have seen him *encore* ten times in a night; and we never yet heard him obey the call. Mr. Mathews represents a Frenchman too well not to be acquainted with the niceties of the French language: he cannot therefore plead ignorance, and he does know that "*Encore*" means "*Again*." But he never sings the same song *again*; and insolently disregarding the public wishes, gives an entirely new version. We do not mean to affirm that this does not create much merriment and laughter: truth and justice forbid that assertion; but still we are not to be turned from our well-founded censure by any accidental effect.

What we have said of his Cipher applies equally to his other characters—to his Morbleu, Colonel Fainwell, &c. &c. He is like the devil in them all: give him an inch, and he takes an ell. We wonder that the other performers do not conspire against him and cut his throat; but instead of that, they display the most admirable good nature, and only laugh at him and his efforts till they are as speechless as if with vexation. Baker, in Simon Pure, grins at him like a lout; the Yorkshire shrewdness of Hayner displays itself in a gape of mouth-rendering mirth; the sterling humour of Bartley is tamed into a sort of satisfied self enjoyment, and the inimitable naïvete of Kelly herself is convulsed into broken and disjointed fractions of giggling and acting. Such being the atrocious effects of Mr. Mathews' performances, we put it to his own conscience (or to his jury of consciences, for we never can consider him as an individual, and for Mrs. M.'s sake, would not wish were a single man) whether we have not made out our imputation, and proved him to be a very unfit person to appear upon the stage in any part but in one which involves a conglomeration and monopoly of characters, resembling those pretty ivory balls that come from China, and hold sphere within sphere all carved with equal excellence, so that which ever way we look at them our wonder and admiration grow the stronger.

WINTER THEATRES.

For some time past the 'dreadful note of preparation' has been heard at both the Winter Theatres, and the Proprietors of those establishments appear determined to spare no trouble or expense to induce their friends and patrons to visit their respective houses, and partake of their dramatic fare. At Covent Garden, the whole of the interior has undergone a complete renovation: decorations of the most splendid description, additional comforts for the audience, and every thing in the way of embellishment that can charm the eye or captivate the sense are to be displayed with the most lavish profusion. At Drury Lane, the lessee, not satisfied with the elegant theatre of the last year, has been busily employed, gliding and re-gliding, altering and improving, and, in short, he seems fully determined, if possible, to match his great competitor, even with his own glittering weapons. Behind the curtains likewise great changes have taken place. Young, renouncing his temporary engagement at Drury, is to resume his former situation at Covent Garden; whilst Macready, not altogether satisfied either with his past usage or with the new arrangements, has gone over to the enemy. How far these

alterations may be conducive to the amusement of the public is yet to be shown. Of one thing at all events we are certain, and it is, that the system at present pursued, of holding out the allurements of large salaries to the actors of the opposite establishments, is not only marked by folly and absurdity, but is manifestly contrary to their own best interests. But with this the public have only a secondary concern. So that they are provided with a good Bill of Fare, they care little what the entertainment may have cost in preparation. Our old favourite Sinclair has also returned to Covent Garden after an absence of some years, with the acquisition, it is said, of a highly cultivated taste and a brilliant and powerful execution. Fame has been for a long time sounding forth his praises, and we sincerely hope that her announcement may be true. At Drury, Miss Stephens and Madame Vestris are again to delight our ears with their fascinating powers; and, in the way of spectacle, the manager proposes to outdo all his former outdoings, and, with the assistance of a troop of beautiful horses, to satiate the town with melodrama and pantomime. We hope that Miss Kelly will no longer be hidden during the winter; and should be disappointed did we not see the talents of Rayner transferred to one of the great theatres.*

In the attitudes we have described, the rival Managers are about to enter upon the Dramatic Campaign of the ensuing season; and, as they have both exhibited so great a desire to gratify their patrons, we cannot but wish that they may both succeed. It is indeed to be regretted that the "generous rivalry," talked of by Elliston in his concluding Address of the past season, should have existed only in his own imagination. It would be better for themselves—it would be the best policy they could adopt, to try and get rid, if possible, of that "loathed hate" they bear each other; like men in sport, shake hands ere they begin the contest, and then fight nobly and honourably for the public favour. Their present course of action they may rest assured will never prosper. The *bellum ad internecionem* cannot last for ever. Mutual animosity may furnish them with power to harass and annoy each other; they may buffet one another for a time with "lusty sinews," but they must sink at last, exhausted with the struggle, and involve each other in hopeless and irrevocable destruction.

* Since writing this, we observe that this valuable *actor* has been enlisted at Covent Garden; we wish we could say the same of the *actress*.

VARIETIES.

A large work, entitled "Letters on the Highlands of Scotland," is announced for publication in February: Its objects are to render the Highlands and their people, ancient history, manners, &c. &c. better known than they have yet been. The author has already published a little book describing Dunkeld and Blair Atholl.

The first novelty to be produced at Covent Garden is, we hear, a Musical Melo-drama, by the late Mr. Bailey; the next a splendid Opera; and the third a Comedy, founded on an Italian story, and read last season, of which report speaks very highly.

The first new piece spoken of at Drury Lane is founded on the Novel of Kenilworth, and it is to be produced with a grand caval-

cade of horses, processions across the Pit,
and other striking features.

It is said in the chit-chat of the Green-Room, that Kean has declared, if Macready was engaged at Drury Lane, the Managers of Covent Garden might, if they chose, advertise him (Kean) for any of his characters on any night, and he would join their Company. Macready has engaged at Drury Lane, and Kean is announced in the same bills with him!

York Musical Festival.—A letter from a valued Correspondent at York, giving us a full and spirited account of this splendid Musical Festival, we regret to say reached us too late for insertion. The effect produced in the Cathedral was sublime; but some complaints are made of the great length of the performances, which began at 12 and lasted till near 5 o'clock. The company, indeed, were assembled two hours previous to the commencement, which rendered their gratifications the more tedious. Catalani was among the singers.

Mr. Wilkie, say the Newspapers, is employed on a picture of the King entering Holyrood Palace, and receiving the keys. Mr. Allan is engaged on a historical subject, in which the Regent Moray is conspicuous.

Jena: Project of a Latin Town.—The proposition of a Spaniard, Michel Olmone de Tolosa, the object of which was to found a Latin town, to be called *Roma Tullia*, is well known. Doctor Eüchstädt, the Professor of Eloquence at the University of Jena, celebrated for the purity of his Latin style and for his profound erudition, has just been making it the subject of an academical exercise. He considers the proposition as useless, and wishes rather that the Latin language should be elevated to the honours of a diplomatic tongue; and that a variety of academical courses should be read solely in that language.

The play of *Mahomet*, proscribed by the censors at Paris, has been performed at Brussels, with Talma as the principal character. The Parisian wags observe upon it, that the saying is fulfilled; as they would not allow Talma to be a prophet in his own country.

A Pope.—The Cardinals at Rome appear from the Newspapers to be sadly puzzled about the election of a Pope: it may therefore be of service to them that we publish a hint from one of our Correspondents, who suggests, by way of smoothing their difficulties, that they should depart from old usages, and elect Prince Hohenlohe to the Purple. His Highness's power of performing miracles, he maintains, pre-eminently qualifies him for the station, and merits this singular mark of reverence.

Queen Anne's Farthing.—A Correspondent, alluding to a statement in the *Morning Post* of 27th August, respecting a trial in Dublin on the 16th, to recover a Queen Anne's Farthing (valued at 350*l.*) of which the owner (Mary Malony) was defrauded, and which, it appears, was actually sold by a Mr. Home, of the Royal Arcade, for 800*l.* inquires, "why a Queen Anne's Farthing is so valuable, as the writer has one that is known to have been in the family more than sixty years, and is, as he believes, a genuine one?" The writer adds, that he had always considered the subject a jest until he saw the above account before Mr. Commissioner Barrows, of the Insolvent Court, Dublin.

Serpents.—Careful dissections have enabled a skillful anatomist at Paris, of the name of

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Cloquet, to discover that serpents have a single and transparent eyelid which passes over the ball of the eye, and a lachrymal apparatus, the canal of which terminates in the nasal orifices of fanged snakes, and in the mouths of adders. Besides their ordinary uses, the tears, according to this learned anatomist, seem to assist in the deglutition of the bodies, frequently very large, which these creatures swallow.

Aloe.—They are showing a big aloe somewhere about Town at a shilling a-head for admission. A gentleman walked in the other day with his rather numerous family, and counting his change out of a sovereign while he looked at the plant, he exclaimed, "Faith, this is the bitterest aloe I ever saw!"

Improvements.—One of the London Journals advertises itself as "the only Sporting Sunday Newspaper!"

The Appropriate: "Unsex me here." (Lady Macbeth.)—At a competition in archery at Needwood Forest, a Miss Sneyd hit the centre of the target, and the band instantly struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes."—At the Glasgow Dinner to Messrs. Brougham, Denman, &c. the toast of a Reform in Parliament was followed by the tune of "The Macking o' Geordie's Byre."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

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stroch's Recueil Choisi—East India Register—London
Practice of Midwifery—Hoppus's Measurer—Thom-
son's Shooter's Guide.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

SEPTEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	from 35 to 65	30.20 to 30.17
Friday... 19	from 32 to 62	30.20 to 30.20
Saturday... 20	from 45 to 63	30.07 to 30.00
Sunday... 21	from 41 to 60	29.83 to 29.53
Monday... 22	from 40 to 60	29.24 to 29.56
Tuesday... 23	from 40 to 62	29.83 to 29.85
Wednesday... 24	from 47 to 66	29.77 to 29.86

Prevailing winds NW. and SW.—Generally cloudy; clear at times: rain on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, in the evening.

Rain fallen .5 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive so many tributes to the genius of our admired L. E. L. that were we to print a title of them we should trespass unparadonably upon our limits. This consideration, and the fear that the insertion of even the most excellent of these productions (and many possess uncommon merit) might be misrepresented as partial and home-made eulogies, restrain us from gratifying our inclinations and obliging our Correspondents in this respect. Still we will not pledge ourselves for ever to withhold these flattering testimonies to a youthful female Muse, which ranges with a bright plian through all the regions of Poetry, and gathers its most various, precious, and sweetest stores.—Similar feelings hinder us from using G. F. R.'s paraphrase of the "Old Sailor's" Storm.

Q. in the *Corner's* remarks on a Diary at Church, attracting so much attention as to disturb divine worship, are very pertinent and amusing; but surely he would not impose on us so hopeless a labour as that of amending (even by ridicule) the manners of one of that somewhat rare race.

F. has been received, and we court his compositions on more general subjects.

A letter to M. H. B. has been addressed to the Post Office, Poplar.

Erratum.—Last Number, p. 200, col. 3, line 4—the article it was omitted before the word "Stesso;" by which, instead of "the same," i. e. Monti, it read as if Stesso were an author's name.

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